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THE CRY:

A NEW DRAMATIC FABLE.

VOL. III.

——*Hominem pagina noſtra ſapit.* Martial.

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PART the FOURTH.

SCENE VI.

Atheiſts have been but rare, ſince Nature's birth;
'Till now, SHE ATHEISTS *ne'er appear'd on earth.*

Univerſal Paſſion.

PORTIA. CYLINDA. UNA. THE CRY.

CYLINDA.

NO ſooner was the health of my body reſtored, than all my mental heroiſm flew back with freſh vigour. Stoiciſm was depoſed, and I was at a loſs for ſome new monarch which at my command ſhould be placed in its ſtead. Even in my moſt enthuſiaſtic

admiration of the platonic philoſophy, I found from within very frequent contradictions to the happineſs of this contemplative life; for I was in truth pretty well ſtock'd with ſocial inclinations, and my mind would often ſpontaneouſly wander in ſearch of the gratification of ſome affection. Yet the deſpotic power with which I inveſted every monarch that was to preſide over my boſom, never ſuffered any notion in the leaſt contradictory to its abſolute government, to be heard or attended to. But as in all ſtates the natural ſucceſſor of tyranny is a popular government, ſo did it happen in mine; and thoſe notions which had been ſilenced whilſt I upheld the reign of ſtoiciſm, now all at once raiſed ſuch a clamor in my boſom with their different opinions, that I unawares ſlid into a doubt of all things, and was unavoidably driven into ſcepticiſm. Here alſo, according to my uſual cuſtom, my imagination fled to the utmoſt extravagance of the ſect which I embraced; and I adhered to that [a] philoſopher,

[a] *Pyrrho*, the founder of that ſect.

ſopher, who declared that there was no certainty in any thing, not even in our ſenſes; and in conſequence of which he walk'd ſtrait forward, over dogs or men, into the water, or down a precipice, and was ſaved from deſtruction only by the care of his friends. I alſo, whenever I went out, walk'd ſtrait forward, enjoying the diſcovery that there was no certainty in any thing, and I was not therefore to believe my eyes. But in theſe ſort of freaks I never wanted the care of my friends, nor did I ever come by the leaſt misfortunes in indulging my preſent fancy; for my walks were all in my own pleaſant garden, where there was no danger of meeting with ditches or precipices, or any ſort of bar to my free paſſage. But when I was far advanced in this doubting ſyſtem, eager to ſettle myſelf in this unſettled ſtate of mind, and wavering of opinion, I ſtudy'd the doctrine of the ſceptics, as collected by *Sextus Empiricus*; and found that the chief ground of ſcepticiſm is, "That to every "reaſon there is an oppoſite reaſon equiva-"lent." In this mental pair of ſcales do

the ſceptics hold themſelves ſuſpended and free, they ſay, from the diſturbances which attend on deciſion. For they tell you, that if you determine ſuch a thing to be good, and ſuch a thing to be ill, then every appearance afterwards which puts you in doubt, muſt give you a diſturbance; whereas, ſuſpence being their element, they are therein undiſturbed.

But this was ſo far from keeping me undiſturbed, that it raiſed a civil war amongſt the democracy which I had eſtabliſh'd in my boſom; one part being reſolute in the admiration of this ſerenity; the other as obſtinately adhering to the abſurdity of it, and plainly perceiving that the minds of theſe ſceptics are literally hung up in caſtles of their own building in the air, like the philoſophers of *Swift*'s flying iſland. When I perceived therefore, that all their aſſiduity was employed in laborioufly endeavouring to demonſtrate that there was no ſuch thing as a demonſtration, the ſtrange abſurdity ſet me into a violent

fit

fit of laughter, and thoroughly cured me of all my admiration of ſcepticiſm.

And now indeed I grew half weary of all philoſophy, and began to wander after ſome other purſuit, ſome outward object of entertainment; and when the mind once wanders out of itſelf, and ſeeks foreign amuſement, it is very apt to imagine every thing it meets with an object fitted for its purpoſe. But at preſent I had very little opportunity to employ my own imaginations; for I met with a young gentleman whoſe name was *Millamour*; his perſon was genteel, his countenance pleaſing, he was well read in the claſſics, and altho' he had no great depth of underſtanding, yet his converſation was ſo ſprightly and agreeable, as perfectly anſwer'd to the idea I had formed of pleaſure. On hearing me mention *Virgil*, *Horace*, *Ovid*, &c. he ſaid he wondered I had not read *Lucretius*, which he recommended in ſuch terms as raiſed all my curioſity; and the moment my fancy was fired with the thoughts of any author, I could never reſt till I had

gone through his works. I was extremely charm'd with the fire of *Lucretius*'s poetry, and my curioſity was further awakened to learn all that was poſſible to be known of that philoſophy, ſo great a part of which is to be found in the above *latin* poet. Nor was it long before I made myſelf acquainted with the doctrines of *Epicurus*, ſo as to become an abſolute epicurean. This anſwered *Millamour*'s purpoſe; for on reflexion ſince, I eaſily perceived what his deſign was in making me read *Lucretius*: but it always was my characteriſtic to purſue my own deſigns, without giving myſelf any trouble about thoſe of others; for there is no ſubſequent advantage in this world, which could have paid me for undertaking the laborious taſk of cunningly prying into the plots of my companions. I had too much employment, too much pleaſure in the enjoyment of my own mind, to exchange it for ſo painful, ſo diſagreeable, and ſo uncertain a ſtudy. Whether it might be deduced from the doctrines of *Epicurus*, that there are no gods, or that the gods, wrapp'd up ſomewhere at a great diſtance

diſtance in their own indolence, trouble not themſelves about natural affairs; it appear'd equally evident to me, that we had no need to trouble our heads about them. But with the utmoſt warmth and zeal did I embrace the following epicurean canons.

Firſt, "That all pleaſure which hath "no pain join'd with it, is to be em-"braced."

Secondly, "That all pain which hath "no pleaſure, is to be ſhunned."

Thirdly, "That all pain which pre-"vents a greater pain, or brings a greater "pleaſure, is to be embraced. And,

Fourthly, "That all pleaſure which "hinders a greater pleaſure, or brings pain, "is to be ſhunned."

Then how delighted was I with this concluſion, that pleaſure is to be ſought becauſe 'tis pleaſure, and pain to be avoided becauſe 'tis pain!

All the virtues which I once ſo much admired, were by the precepts of my new teachers ſtill to be retain'd; but ſo far from being lords and governors, they were to attend as abſolute ſervants, and to be embraced only as they promoted the intereſt of their ſovereign lady PLEASURE. My own prudential policy from my youth, had led me often to wander into this way of thinking; but now it blazed forth with the dignity of a ſyſtem, it came with redoubled force, and carry'd me off in triumph as its captive; with all my former ſyſtems led in chains, gracing its chariot wheels.

Millamour from the firſt of our acquaintance had tryed every method in his power to engage my inclinations, but delayed the declaring himſelf my lover, till he found that his converſation joined to my new ſtudy, had moulded me into a thorough epicurean; for then he did not doubt but my own diſpoſition (he being the only object of pleaſure preſent) would greatly contribute

tribute to the facility of his conqueſt. [b] TEMPERANCE I conſidered as merely political, and therefore not deſign'd as the reſtraint to any indulgence that I could give myſelf, which brought no diſeaſe to the body, or remorſe to the ſoul. And as to VIRTUE confined to chaſtity, I laugh'd at the narrow feminine expreſſion; nor from the time that my couſin *Phaon* had fix'd it in my mind that my genius was too ſparkling, and my underſtanding too liberal to be confined by ſuch ſlaviſh rules, had I conſidered it as worthy my regard. That univerſal moral virtue which I had ſo often admired, did not at all forbid my accepting or returning *Millamour*'s affections: for as he was no woman's huſband, I was ſatisfied that I ſhould do none of my fellow-creatures any wrong; but if my firſt idea of moral virtue had pretended a little to

[b] By temperance here, *Cylinda* means the philoſophic idea of that word, and not merely as it is vulgarly underſtood, to mean only a reſtraint from exceſs in meat and drink.

interfere, yet had I lately learnt, "That "all good conſiſted in pleaſure, and virtue "itſelf therefore could be no otherwiſe "laudable than as it conduced to that end." The remarkable continence and abſtinence of *Epicurus* himſelf, I imputed to the weakneſs of his conſtitution; and I rather therefore (altho' my ſyſtem took its name from that philoſopher) choſe to make the chearful *Ariſtippus* my guide, eſpecially too as I ſuppoſed that the precepts of this *Ariſtippus* gave ſome ſmall delight to my favourite *Horace*[c] himſelf. Thus was I led into an intrigue with *Millamour*, all things without and within corroborating towards my yielding to his addreſſes, much more than any violence of my own affections for him. *Millamour*'s good humour was equal with my own; joy, mirth and pleaſantry therefore, were our eternal entertainment, which we indulg'd to ſuch a height, that he often afterwards told me how exceſſively aſtoniſhed

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[c] Nunc in Ariſtippi furtim præcepta relàbor. *Hor.* Ep. 1.

niſhed he was at my uncommon conduct: for after ſome months he confeſſed, that he lived in fearful expectation, when all his pleaſure would be loſt, from my turning gloomy and fretful, when upbraidings, reproaches, and all their train of unavailing words, ſuch as villain, betrayer, ſeducer of my virtue, &c. would like thunder break from my lips: nor could he for a conſiderable time be convinced, but that in the end I ſhould pine, grow uneaſy and vexatiouſly teazing to him, by my deſires of turning him into an huſband —— Miſtaken *Millamour!* nothing could be farther from my heart, or more repugnant to my inclinations.

There was ſuch a ſpirit in the manner of *Cylinda*'s ſpeaking thoſe laſt words, and ſuch a joy ſeemed to be diffuſed over all her features, on the recital of this free libertine part of her life with *Millamour*, that *Una* ſighed, dropped her eyes on the ground, and ſeemed half inclined to ſtop *Cylinda*'s narration, and to deſire *Portia* to proceed with her ſtory: but as ſhe was unwilling

willing to condemn any without hearing all they had to ſay, ſhe checked her riſing intention, and reſtrained not *Cylinda* from proceeding.

Poor *Portia* looked alſo extremely diſappointed; for her truly kind and benevolent heart had conceived ſtrong hopes, from the manner in which *Cylinda* had deſcribed the unbridled rovings of her wild imagination, that ſhe herſelf now conſidered them as paſt errors, from whoſe influence ſhe was freed. But *Portia* at preſent loſt thoſe pleaſing hopes, and doubted not but ſhe ſaw ſtanding before her, a deplorable inſtance of the cleareſt parts, and the moſt lively apprehenſion, being led by vanity and ſelf-admiration into the worſt of deluſions.

Theſe were the thoughts which paſſed in the mind of both *Una* and *Portia*; yet they gave no interruption to *Cylinda*, but ſuffered her to continue her ſtory.

Cylinda. But it was remarkable, that in leading this life with *Millamour*, I preſerved

ſerved myſelf from being talked of in the neighbourhood, and my reputation was not in the leaſt ſullied. Which convinced me that it is the vanity of women, in making it appear to the world that they have an admirer which generally betrays them; unleſs they happen to make choice of a very ſilly coxcomb indeed. For firſt, a woman takes pains to make her lover particular with her in all companies, and then ſhe will not ſuffer him to caſt his eyes upon any one beſides herſelf, without tormentinng him, and taking away all his peace and uſual enjoyment in her converſation. When a woman by her own behaviour hath thus made both herſelf and her lover remarkable in all aſſemblies for their intimacy, and no matrimony enſues to give a new ſubject of diſcourſe; the tattling world, baulked by this diſappointment, will be revenged, and ſubſtitute by their gueſſes another diſcourſe, not highly to the lady's honour. For it is not eaſy to make the world believe, that the days of romance are ſo far returned, as for admirers to dangle after their adored miſtreſſes, only for the honour at laſt of

kiſſing

kiſſing the hem of their garments. And *Millamour* often ſaid, that as he did not chuſe the reputation of a man of intrigue, he had frequently been deterred from making his addreſſes to women he liked, from ſeeing them poſſeſſed of ſo fooliſh a vanity, that it would be impoſſible for him to keep an amour with them a ſecret.

Here the higheſt indignation imaginable ſeized the *Cry* againſt *Millamour*; and they pronounced him the moſt impertinent coxcomb they had ever heard of.

Cylinda. As I was not actuated by any of this kind of vanity, I indulged myſelf in my intercourſe with *Millamour*, without being the ſubject of popular rumor; and by a little prudence in our conduct, we contrived not to give the leaſt opportunity for ſcandal.

The *Cry* were all confounded, amazed, and puzzled, concerning the life which *Cylinda* had led with *Millamour*; for on hearing that ſhe had no vanity to gratify in her love,

love, they ſuddenly felt themſelves diſgraced and contaminated by her preſence, like an audience at the theatre, with loud vociferation they cry'd, Off—off – till a ſudden rumor buzz'd amongſt them, that ſhe had ſtrictly preſerved her reputation (which was indeed the very eſſential of the virtue they admired) all their wrath was immediately appeaſed, their clamor ſtopped, and by degrees they ſubſided into their former eager and gaping attention. The babble and uproar amongſt themſelves had been ſo great, that *Cylinda* could not hear one word of its purport; but having waited till they were pleaſed to be ſilent, ſhe thus proceeded.

Cylinda. Having lived in this manner with *Millamour* for half a year, he was obliged to leave me, in order to look into an eſtate in *Weſtmoreland*, which was juſt fallen to him by the death of his elder brother. Whilſt *Millamour* was abſent, I ſought other amuſements to entertain myſelf; for there was nothing I ſo much ſcorned, as making my mind dependent by anxious ſolicitude for the preſence of another;

ther. My books and my own fancies of themſelves could very agreeably take up every part of the day; for I was ignorant of what it was to make time a burthen, unleſs when outward intruſions ſnatched me from all my favourite delights: yet I was not averſe, but rather delighted with any outward object on which I could exemplify, and throw into action (if I may ſo expreſs myſelf) my now prevalent and all-conquering epicurean philoſophy. One of the chief pleaſures of the original followers of this doctrine was, friendſhip, inſomuch that *Epicurus* called himſelf the friend, and not the maſter, of his numerous ſcholars. Beſides I had been all my life ſo much in earneſt, in every ſyſtem I had embraced, and ſo ſtrictly conformant (in imagination at leaſt) to all its rules; that altho' for ſome reaſon, or ſome ſhadow of a reaſon, I had given it up, or exchanged it for another, yet would ſome traces remain behind: nor were my lord *Shaftſbury*'s voluntary uncommanded virtues, in which number friendſhip held the foremoſt rank, totally eradicated from my boſom. Naturally too

I was

I was endued with a friendly diſpoſition: the deſire therefore of an intimate friendſhip at this time warmed my imagination; and what gave my preſent friendly inclination full ſcope, was my freſh acquaintance with a widow lady, and her daughter, a girl of twelve years old: the tender years of this amiable girl were no objection to my beſtowing on her all my friendſhip; for I have known few perſons, who, in the maturity of their age, have been endued with half her penetrating underſtanding: joined to which, ſhe had ſo chearful a vivacity in her manner of expreſſing herſelf, as rendered her the moſt delightful of companions. She ſeemed equally pleaſed with the preference I viſibly gave to her converſation, in compariſon with that of the whole neighbourhood. I enjoyed a great deal of her company, and was doubly happy, in hearing that the mother of my young *Sappho* (for ſo I term'd her) liked that country ſo well, as to intend ſettling thereabouts for the remainder of her life. I loved to communicate knowledge, and

to parcipitate pleaſure, and intended therefore to make a pupil of this my young friend, and to lead her, as I ſaw the greatneſs of her capacity, through all my own admired philoſophy.

Portia, on this part of *Cylinda*'s ſtory, gave a deep ſigh, and a tear ſtarted ſuddenly from her eye; whilſt *Una* ſhewed by her countenance, an anxious concern for the poor girl; leſt her flexible and tender years ſhould be led aſtray and bewilder'd, in ſuch a heap of imaginary knowledge.

Cylinda. But I had not long enjoyed this pleaſure, before my little friend informed me, that ſhe was the next morning to ſet out for *London* with her mother, and to return into that country no more. She parted from me with tears in her eyes, and begged my correſpondence: I promiſed to comply with her requeſt, and in conſequence wrote her a long letter; but receiving no anſwer, I wrote to her again. This ſecond letter alſo being fruitleſs, I was

a little

a little grieved at the loſs of my delightful companion; yet I concluded that the girl, by the levity of youth, and the diverſions of *London*, had turned her thoughts for the preſent into another channel; and doubted not, but the firſt flight of her fancy for public amuſements being over, ſhe would renew my acquaintance. But whether the pleaſures of the gay and polite circle had ſuch charms as wholly to engage her mind, whether marriage or ſome other friendſhip attached her affections, or whether ſhe was ſnatch'd away by an early death from me and all the world, is to this moment unknown to me; I can only with regret declare, that from that time I never heard of her more. Thus ended my firſt and laſt attachment, in which friendſhip alone was concerned; for I never afterwards met with any woman half ſo agreeable to my fancy.

Millamour ſoon after this returned; and altho' his ſtay had much exceeded the time he appointed, yet I never enquired the cauſe, till he thought proper to tell it me;

me; but received him with my uſual lively good-humour; and when we met again, without the former thread ſeemed to join, leaving the leaſt appearance where it had been broken off. The force of reciprocal good-humour, where the mind is not ſo diſeaſed as to have loſt all reliſh for true pleaſure, is almoſt incredible; and ſuch was the effect it had on *Millamour*, that he was even ſolicitous to make me his wife.

I had nothing the leaſt profligate in my behaviour, and although the philoſophic whims of my brain had ſuffered me to follow every the leaſt idea of pleaſure; yet did I never give my preſent lover any reaſon for jealouſy. He knew me in one ſenſe truly conſtant to him, and he failed not to pay himſelf the compliment to think, that of all mankind I choſe but him alone. But to confeſs a truth which was never diſcovered by *Millamour*, (for from eaſineſs of temper, and vivacious good-humour, I was all that a man could wiſh in a miſtreſs) I had not for him, nor imagined that I could have for any

man

man breathing, one grain of that kind of affection, which enſlaves the inclinations, alarms the paſſions, and makes our happineſs depend on the ſmiles or frowns of another: and the chief motives for my complying with my lover's ſolicitations, were found in my third epicurean canon, namely, the conceding to an article not perfectly agreeable, in order to avoid a much worſe evil, which was the oppoſing continual importunity.

Millamour's brother dying without children, he became now poſſeſſed of a very large eſtate. He was the laſt of ſix ſons; and on his marriage alone depended the continuance of heirs to his family. He told me that he intended to marry, and declared at the ſame time, that of all womankind he would chuſe to ſpend his life with me, if I would conſent to be his wife. But in this point *Millamour* could not ſtagger my reſolution. I grew maſculine in my thoughts, and (in the words of *Lothario* to *Caliſta*, in the *Fair Penitent*) I told him,

That

That I would ſtill retain him in my heart,
My ever gentle lover, and my friend:
But for thoſe other names of wife and huſband,
They only meant ill-nature, cares, and quarrels;

and I wondered how it was poſſible for him to imagine, that, free and unbounded as was my ſcheme of life, I could ever think of binding myſelf in chains, and of parting for ever with my darling liberty. When he found he could by no means prevail on me to conſent to marriage, he fairly told me, that he was reſolved not to let his name and family ſink; and although it would be with the utmoſt force upon his inclination, as I was ſincerely his choice, yet he muſt, if I would not be his for life, fly from my company for ever.

It was, I confeſs, with ſome little difficulty on my ſide that I could bring myſelf to part with ſo good-humoured, ſo agreeable a companion as *Millamour*. But as I cloſely embraced that cannon of *Epicurus* which ſays—"that all pleaſure which bring-

"eth a greater pain is to be ſhunned;" I aſſured *Millamour*, that as much as I liked him, I would not be caught in the ſnares of matrimony, by my fears of loſing him. I ſupported this my fixed reſolution by many arguments, drawn from the nature of things: ſuch as, that reſtraint always excites an uneaſy deſire after freedom; and that our very confinement to each other muſt naturally bring diſguſt. But *Millamour* was as fix'd in his reſolution, as I was in mine; and I found it more eligible to part with my lover, than to bring on myſelf what I believed would be certain miſery. Nay it was aſtoniſhing to me, that all women of beauty and ſpirit, and conſequently of power, did not keep up to this charming ſcheme of independence, and (turning the tables on them) ſhould not conſider men as meer objects of their pleaſure, and not worth any ſerious conſideration. For in marriage there ſeemed to me only this alternative, to live a commanded wife, which my very ſoul abhorred, or to live a neglected wife, the bare ſuppoſition of which I would have parted with the whole world to have avoided. The

The female part of the *Cry*, who look on men as their natural enemies, (and as ſuch would look on angels if ordain'd to be their maſters) and who out of zeal for the SEX would hold out in an argument whether man was ſuperior to woman, or woman was ſuperior to man, even to the very extent of their breath, were greatly delighted with the picture *Cylinda* had drawn of youth and beauty, openly triumphing by independence over theſe their common enemies, whom they themſelves had never yet been able to annoy, but by juggling arts and paltry cunning. On her naming a neglected wife, with dread they each glanced their eyes from one ſide to the other, over their own perſons, and by a conſcious bridle of the chin ſhewed how little they thought themſelves from their own charms in fear of ſuch a fate. But on *Cylinda*'s expreſſing her abhorrence of the ſtate of a commanded wife, they ſympathiſed with her with all their ſouls; and ſtarting with terror at the very idea, as if they had beheld a ghoſt, cried out, *O horrible, horrible, moſt horrible!*

SCENE

SCENE VII.

It were better to be eaten to death with a ruſt, than to be ſcoured to nothing with perpetual motion.

SHAKESPEAR.

PORTIA. CYLINDA. UNA. THE CRY.

CYLINDA.

MILLAMOUR ſeeing me perſiſt unalterably in my reſolution againſt matrimony, abandoned me (as he called it) to my own whims, ſettled on his own paternal eſtate, and choſe him a wife, in order to continue his name and family to poſterity.

I had in a great meaſure vented my ardent thirſt after philoſophy, by running through ſuch a variety of prin-

ciples and opinions; and even my admiration of the epicurean ſyſtem, by having without reſtraint or ſtop run its full career, was come to its ultimate point; and the effects of it only remained: yet I muſt have either ſome outward object, or ſome inward pleaſure to follow. Being come therefore to a kind of nonplus, as to the purſuit of mental adventures, I took a reſolution to leave my retirement, and at leaſt for ſome time to make an experiment what pleaſures I could meet with in the gay part of our great metropolis. I had a fortune ſufficient to bear the expence; and therefore no ſooner was the reſolution taken than it was executed: for as I hated all perplexity, nothing was ſo contrary to my humour as a long deliberation. I had a relation who lived in what is called the circle of high life, and who had frequently by letter ſollicited me not to waſte my time and youth in *poking* in the country, and *poring* over muſty books (ſuch were her expreſſions) but to come to *London* and ſee the world, which would give me, ſhe ſaid, a true taſte of pleaſure, and a reliſh of life.

As

As ſoon as I arrived in town, I took a genteel lodging in one of the little ſtreets near my couſin's houſe, which was in *Groveſnor-ſquare*, and depended on her to introduce me into polite company. And I was determined (at leaſt for one winter) to examine the utmoſt of the whole round of diverſions, which are ſo enchanting to numbers of the human race, that they ſpend their whole lives in the purſuit of them. But I had not been long in this giddy ſcene, before I thought the philoſophers need not ſeek farther to find a *vacuum*. I was no ſooner ſpied out as one that would play at cards (for I found this the only paſſport into company) than I was peſter'd with drums, routs, hurricanes, &c. and could not enjoy one moment's peace. I found my liberty quite gone; for I was always engaged. 'Twas like matrimony—in ſickneſs or in health I was obliged to attend every ſummons; otherwiſe I was peſter'd with viſits and meſſages to know whether I was dead or alive; and if I was catch'd out of my bed and able to ſpeak, away was I dragg'd, in order to

make up a party, like a victim to a ſacrifice. As nothing was more hateful to me than to reſiſt ſollicitation, it was very ſeldom that I attempted to excuſe myſelf; but if ever I did muſter up reſolution enough to refuſe my attendance where it was deſired, I always found that ſhy looks, and polite reproaches, were the certain conſequence of this ſmall exertion of my liberty of choice: ſo that I was an abſolute ſlave, and by the help of a few magic words placed on a card, was bound in chains; or like *Don Quixot*, was under the influence of enchantment: nay, what was worſe, this enchantment had no end; for by ſtrings of theſe cards, properly called chains, I was ſometimes bound for three weeks or a month forward; then would come other invitations, other claims of a promiſe given, of being at ſuch a rout, ſuch a drum, &c. whenever I ſhould be called on for that purpoſe, that, unleſs I could have been endued with ubiquity, ſo as to have been at ſeveral places at once, I was thrown into as hateful a perplex-

perplexity to contrive in what manner, without giving offence, to anſwer all theſe appointments, as if I had undertaken the management of a ſtate. The public entertainment of plays or operas ſeldom made a link in the chains by which I was bound; for the circle that I had been unfortunately conjured into, looked on cards, and cards only, to be the neceſſary employment of life. I had not been long in town before it began to be buzz'd about, that I was a woman of deep underſtanding and a great deal of wit: but an inſupportable tax was I forced to pay for this honour. I immediately became a mark for every pretender to wit, to ſhoot away that burthen, his time, upon; and by theſe means my mornings, the ſeaſon in which I uſed ever to delight myſelf in my books, or in recollecting ſome images which they had left impreſſed on my memory, were all ſtolen away from me, and my time was moſt barbarouſly murdered. Thus was I thrown into almoſt the ſame condition as if I had been guilty of intemperance in wine; for

by never having a moment's leiſure for reflexion, my ſenſes were all in a buſtle, my brains were in a perpetual hurry and confuſion; nor was I very far from being reduced to the ſame ſtate with that poor old woman, who lived till ſhe had ſo totally loſt her memory, that ſhe uſed to aſk her neighbours, "Pray who am I, and what "is my name?" for ſhe had perfectly forgot the very laſt thing which the human mind is apt to forget, even herſelf.

Portia could not help ſmiling with pleaſure at the livelineſs of *Cylinda*'s obſervations, and the juſtneſs of ſome of her ſentiments: whilſt *Una*'s boſom heaved with a benevolent ſigh, to think that any living creature, who ſeemed ſo thoroughly to know the value of time, ſhould all her life hitherto have made ſo wrong a uſe of ſo ineſtimable a bleſſing.

Cylinda. Theſe triflers, theſe time-ſtealers, who, although they viſited me becauſe I had attained the reputation of a wit, ne-

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ver gave me an opportunity of ſpeaking a word (had I had ever ſo great an inclination for talking) always went away in high praiſes of my great ſenſe and underſtanding, and declared that they never were ſo well entertained in their lives. And thus becauſe it was imagined that I poſſeſſed ſome underſtanding, I was doomed to be perſecuted with nonſenſe without end. Beſides, had I not quietly ſubmitted to this ſervitude, the rage of thoſe perſons who think themſelves ſlighted I knew was inexorable; and good manners forced me to keep my thoughts from wandering whilſt under the oppreſſion of their trifling impertinence: otherwiſe they would have imagined that I treated them with apparent neglect. There is not a leaf of a tree, or a flower of the field, from which I could not produce more matter for contemplation, than from the very brighteſt of ſuch converſations as I was now accuſtomed to; which conſiſted chiefly of ſtupid matters of fact which concerned neither me nor the relaters, and ſeemed uttered only from an

immoderate delight of talking, and a total barrenneſs of imagination. I never eſcaped from theſe ſort of ſcenes, but I was in amazement by what enchantment I came thither; and the continual repetition of them were daily ſo tireſome and fatiguing, that I conſtantly retired to my repoſe more weary than if I had undergone a hard day's labour. All that I could do to get rid of this troubleſome life was, like lady *Love-rule* in the farce, to fly from it: and if this was ſeeing the world, it might be made for *Cæſar* or whoever choſe it, for I would none on't.

The *Cry* were for the moſt part of them exceſſively delighted with *Cylinda*'s deſcription of the extreme triflingneſs of what ſhe called high life; for to laugh at their ſuperiors in rank and faſhion, was always the higheſt pleaſure to the *Cry*.—But *Una* thinking that *Cylinda*'s repreſentation of the polite circle was too much in the ſpirit of general ſatire (to which ſhe had an utter abhorrence) check'd her by a frown.——

Cylinda

Cylinda modeſtly owned the juſtice of the reproof, confeſſed that her vivacity had carried her into that unfair practice of condemning a whole claſs, although ſhe was conſcious there were amongſt them ſeveral exceptions to the general picture ſhe had drawn: and *Una* then with a ſmile permitted her to proceed with her ſtory.

SCENE VIII.

Je diray un monſtre: mais je le diray pourtant. Je trouve par là en pluſieurs choſes plus d' arreſt et de regle en mes mœurs qu' en mon opinion: et ma concupiſcence moins deſbauchée que ma raiſon.

MONTAIGNE.

PORTIA. CYLINDA. UNA. The CRY.

CYLINDA.

WAS now preparing with the utmoſt expedition to return to my moral pleaſures, when my deſign was retarded by my accidentally meeting in a viſit with a middle-aged gentleman named *Nicanor*, who on this our firſt interview was ſo pleaſed with my converſation, that he earneſtly deſired to pay me a viſit, and to cultivate my acquaintance; which, in the moſt polite terms,

terms, and without the leaſt fulſome flattery, he aſſured me would be to him the higheſt pleaſure.

On the mention of *Nicanor*'s name, *Portia* could ſcarcely refrain from ſhewing a violent emotion, as ſhe had reaſon to believe that ſhe now ſaw ſtanding before her eyes the lady who, ſhe had heard, was the ruin of *Nicanor*, and by that means of his whole family. The whiſperers of that ſtory (for ſhe had never heard it mentioned by *Cordelia)* had, not through compaſſion to *Nicanor*, but a love of blackening characters, added ſuch dark aſperſions on the lady, and had repreſented her in ſuch a deform'd profligate light, that *Portia* on that reflexion was yet in ſome doubt whether the agreeable, the ſprightly *Cylinda*, could be the monſter ſhe had heard of. She therefore a little ſuſpended her judgment, and ſuffered *Cylinda*, without any interruption, to proceed in the following manner.

Cylinda. As I have no reſerve in my temper, and am not therefore hard of acceſs,

ceſs, *Nicanor*'s converſation and mine was ſoon with all the freedom of old acquaintance. His company and diſcourſe was perfectly delightful to me, as being the moſt agreeable relaxation poſſible to my mind, after the fatigues of cards and idleneſs that I had undergone. I found my old love of philoſophizing ſtrongly return, when *Nicanor* began to lead me through a new field of knowledge. For he had travelled not only quite through *Europe*, and anc'ent *Greece*; but into *Egypt* alſo, and his deſcriptions were all ſo lively, that my imagination was warm'd, and bore me on the wings of fancy to theſe academic ſhades where *Plato* taught his divine philoſophy, and where my preſent maſter *Epicurus* enjoyed the company of his friends and ſcholars. In reading the writings of thoſe ancient ſages, I had look'd up to them as ſeated in the clouds, and at a vaſt diſtance; but in thoſe local accounts, where they walk'd, where they held their diſcourſes, and did as other mortals do, I in a manner confined them within

within limited bounds, and familiarized them into my acquaintance.

Nicanor was ſo agreeable, furniſh'd me with ſo many new ideas, and was ſo ſubſtantial a contraſt to the weariſome nothingneſs I had for a whole winter labour'd through, that my only pleaſure was in his company. As he had his reaſons for not quitting *London*, I without heſitation entirely put off my deſign of going into the country: but having given out that leaving town was my poſitive determination, I had already, by that means, dropp'd moſt of my rout and drum acquaintance, and I ſtole from the reſt, taking a lodging in another part of the town.

But now a new perplexity aroſe: for *Nicanor* expreſs'd ſuch a real paſſion for me, and ſo earneſtly preſs'd me to marriage, that ſeveral poſitive denials could not for ſome time prevent his repeated ardent ſollicitations on that head. I was reſolved that I would not for the enjoyment of his company pay ſuch a tax as matri-

mony,

mony, and was firmly bent rather to loſe any pleaſure whatever, than ſubmit to ſuch hateful terms. I at laſt ſolemnly declared to *Nicanor*, that if he would continue my acquaintance, it muſt be on the condition of never again mentioning ſo diſagreeable a ſubject as marriage. He with ſome difficulty, and expreſſing by his countenance no ſmall aſtoniſhment at meeting with a woman of ſo uncommon a diſpoſition, ſubmitted to the conditions; and I lived in an agreeable friendſhip with him for five years. But as I would on no account pollute the ears of *Una* with a falſhood, or endeavour to palliate any part of my conduct, I muſt confeſs that *Nicanor* was too warm in his paſſions, to ſuffer me long to continue a mere platonic friendſhip. I was not of a humour (except in that one point of matrimony, againſt which I bent the whole force of my reſolution) to reſiſt continual importunity. *Nicanor*, by the new field of knowledge he had led me into, by the introducing me, as I may call it, into the perſonal acquaintance of all my favourite authors, gave me ſuch delight, that to

part

part with him (as I had beſides no other ſort of attachment) appear'd to me by no means eligible: yet with the utmoſt truth can I ſolemnly declare, that the blameable part of the manner in which I lived with him, was owing to the uncontroulable warmth of his paſſions, and not of mine: for could I have had my choice, it would have been to have conſidered him purely as my friend and companion.

I continued in my own lodgings which I had laſt taken (except ſometimes going for a month or two into country lodgings in the ſummer) for the whole five years of our acquaintance; and *Nicanor* was almoſt my conſtant gueſt.

This part of *Cylinda*'s account ſo exactly agreed to *Nicanor*, the father of *Ferdinand* and *Cordelia*, that *Portia* could not help (with ſome apology for her interruption) aſking *Cylinda* whether the gentleman ſhe was mentioning was a batchelor or a widower, and whether he had any family?

Cylinda.

Cylinda. After I parted with *Nicanor*, I was told that he had ſons and daughters, men and women grown; but whilſt I lived with him, I had not the leaſt knowledge of any of his connexions. That he was unmarried I knew, by his repeated offers to make me his wife; but he had ſuch a peculiar reſerve of temper on the point of his own ſituation, or what might be called family affairs, that if I ever chanced to aſk him the moſt trifling queſtion of that kind, it would put him thoroughly out of humour, and he would be gloomy and uncomfortable for a whole day together. His good-humour was ſo agreeable and entertaining, that I thought it very little worth my while to loſe it only for a curioſity which did not concern me; and ſo far was I from enquiring of others any thing concerning him, that I never whilſt I lived with him would ſuffer the leaſt goſſiping diſcourſe to me from any perſon on that ſubject. I had the higheſt reaſon from his behaviour in one reſpect, to believe him poſſeſs'd of an affluent fortune (altho' I have

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ſince alſo heard, how true I know not, that in that circumſtance I was miſtaken) for money always ſeemed to come in ſuch abundance from him, as if he had an inexhauſtible fund. As I was not mercenary, and had really an eaſy fortune of my own, I at firſt endeavoured to put a ſtop to his vaſt profuſion of expence: but in this point alſo, if I croſs'd his humour, he grew ſullen, and I therefore let him go on in his own way, without any contradiction. *Nicanor* was in practice an epicurean, or rather what is truly called in the vulgar acceptation of the word, an exceſſive great epicure. He took the higheſt delight in gratifying his palate with the moſt luxurious rarities for the table, and the moſt coſtly and rich wines: and as 'tis very natural to think that you highly gratify another by giving them what you moſt delight in, he forced me partly againſt my inclination to double all his expences in thoſe articles. Altho' the vanity of dreſs was entirely beneath my thoughts, yet was I forced to ſubmit to being array'd in the richeſt ſilks, and loaded with the moſt coſtly ornaments, to keep

Nicanor

Nicanor from being out of humour, as he would certainly have been, had I refuſed his preſents. As there appeared not any other ſigns of madneſs in *Nicanor*, I could not believe that he was ſo far beſide his ſenſes, as to throw away money on ſuperfluities, which he, or any that belonged to him, could want for neceſſaries; I therefore, without remonſtrance or enquiry, conformed to his humour, ſmiled to ſee him indulge his whims, and added all the reliſh in my power to his little elegant feaſts, by the ſprightlineſs and chearfulneſs of my converſations. *Nicanor* put me extremely in mind of *Mark Antony*. I doubt not, if he could have purchaſed it for me, but I might have ſwallowed a pearl of the value of three kingdoms.

But now an accident happened, which had not a very pleaſing aſpect: for my agent, with whom was entruſted my whole fortune, broke, and ran away, very much in debt; but, as it was reported, very well ſtock'd with the money of all thoſe who had been ſo unlucky, as from his fair cha-

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racter to truſt him with their fortunes. As I hated all buſineſs where money was concerned, I had truſted this man for ſome years to buy and ſell, and manage my affairs, juſt as he told me was moſt for my advantage. About two years before, he had inform'd me, that there was an exceeding good eſtate which he had found out, which would come very cheap, but wanted a thouſand pound more than all my effects for the purchaſe; but that 'twas very eaſy for me to take up that money upon bond, or if I lik'd it better, upon a mortgage on the very eſtate. He reckon'd up alſo many other ways of joint-ſecurity, inſuring my life, and the lord knows what; but to get rid of the diſcourſe, I bid him take his own method. He ſoon brought me a bond for a thouſand pound, which I ſign'd: and to confeſs the real truth, ſo great was my indolence, that I never enquired afterwards whether the purchaſe had been made, or the bond diſcharged, but was contented with receiving from him my yearly income, juſt as uſual.

On *Cylinda*'s both declaring, and proving by her actions, her hatred of all mercenary tranſactions, an orator amongſt the *Cry*, who had never in his life conſidered any thing as worthy of his regard but pecuniary views, roſe up, ſpread wide his hand, ſtroked his chin, humm'd thrice with great importance, and very ſententiouſly and laconically brought forth theſe words, "Imprudence is the moſt impru-"dent thing in the world." He then retired with a ſtately pace back to his ſeat, as if he had given birth to ſome mighty great diſcovery. *Cylinda* ſuppreſs'd her laughter at ſuch a piece of formal nothingneſs, and thus proceeded.

Cylinda. But it was not long before I found that my agent had not only run off with all my effects in his hands, but had left me this thouſand pound in debt. For together with the account of his flight, I received a letter from a young lawyer, to ſay, that if the thouſand pound bond which I owed to mr. *Gripley* was not immediately paid,

paid, he had orders to put the ſame in ſuit. The ſudden change from thinking myſelf in ſuch eaſy circumſtances as to be in a manner excuſed from all thought on that head, to the being a thouſand pound in debt, and threatened with a priſon, could not but ſtrike a little thoughtfulneſs into my countenance, on the receipt of two ſuch letters; which *Nicanor* perceiving, earneſtly entreated me to tell him what could thus affect me. I had hitherto never ſaid any thing to *Nicanor* of my circumſtances; but it was very eaſy for him to perceive, that I accepted his preſents, and ſuffered him to bear the largeſt part of our joint expences, more from the deſire of gratifying him in the bent of his humour, than from the leaſt need of any additional ſupport. But as I fear'd the denying his requeſt of knowing the purport of my two letters might look like a reſerve, which I had never yet practiſed, throwing the ſudden concern off my brow, I with a ſmile gave him both the letter which informed me of the bankruptcy of my agent, and

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the other from the lawyer, threatening me with an arreſt. *Nicanor* appear'd perfectly thunderſtruck. He fixt his eyes upon the ground, as in deep thought; then aſked me if my agent was run away with my All. I anſwered it was certainly ſo, but I begged he would not be ſo deeply concerned at what I look'd upon as a mere trifle. For any real anxiety about money, and ſuch kind of outward circumſtances, could not long dwell in my mind.

Here the orator was again coming forward to make another harangue; but *Cylinda*, before he could finiſh his formal preparations, ſo as to begin his ſpeech, went on with her narration.

Cylinda. The behaviour of *Nicanor* perfectly aſtoniſh'd me; for I thought I read in his countenance more of anger than concern; yet with the moſt ſeeming anxious affection, he cry'd out, "I cannot live an "hour with the thought that my *Cylinda* "ſhould again be liable to the inſults of the "law; I will this minute fetch you the mo-

"ney

"ney to diſcharge the bond." I begg'd him not to give himſelf any ſuch trouble, for perhaps I ſhould for ſome time hear no more of the matter; or ſome days hence would be time enough. I uſed alſo every method in my power to raiſe ſome chearfulneſs in his mind, and to turn the diſcourſe on ſprightly ſubjects; but all in vain, for in leſs than an hour he left me, and declared he would ſee my face no more till he returned with the money.

Nicanor was ſcarcely gone before I received a viſit from a widow named *Artemeſia*, who had always appeared much pleaſed with my company, and was continually obliging me with every little mark of civility in her power. Theſe marks of her kindneſs, and her importunities (if I may ſo expreſs myſelf) for my converſation, engaged me in a much greater intimacy with her, than I ſhould naturally have been led into by my own inclinations: nothing being ſo much the reverſe to each other, as her diſpoſition and mine; for ſhe delighted

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in buſineſs and buſtle, as much as I abhorred them.

The thoughtfulneſs which my letters firſt cauſed, and which was much more encreaſed by *Nicanor*'s odd behaviour, was ſtill ſo viſible in my countenance, and was indeed ſo unuſual, that it preſently caught the eyes of *Artemeſia*; and ſhe begg'd me to tell her what could poſſibly have caſt ſuch a cloud over a brow, which had hitherto appeared to poſſeſs perpetual ſerenity.

The way that moſt people take of proclaiming their own diſtreſs of circumſtances, by vociferous lamentations over their misfortunes, in hopes to raiſe pity and compaſſion, and which generally produces nothing but ſcorn and inſult, was the laſt thing that I ſhould have practiſed. But as *Artemeſia* was really a good-natured friendly woman, and was rather fond of the management of difficulties, thinking ſhe might be of ſervice to me, I told her the whole ſtory, and what ſecurities I had for my

my money, ſhould my agent ever be forthcoming. She told me that ſhe had before heard of the going off of that gentleman, but did not know I had any concerns with him. She knew ſeveral people, ſhe ſaid, that had ſent ſpies out after him, and 'twas not doubted but in time he would be taken, and I might then retrieve my whole fortune. But as I had told her alſo (for I was not open by halves) of the threatening letter from the lawyer, ſhe begg'd and entreated me, in order to avoid the danger of an arreſt, to go with her into *Yorkſhire*, where ſhe had a houſe in an exceeding pleaſant ſituation, and to which place ſhe was ſetting out as the next week. I heartily thank'd her for her offer, but aſſured her there was no occaſion for my leaving *London* on that account; for I had a friend who had juſt left me, and had promiſed to bring me the money to diſcharge that debt; nor did I ſcruple to tell her who the perſon was, that was gone on that errand. *Artemiſia* had ſometimes met *Nicanor* at my lodgings, and had heard me ſpeak of him as my very particular friend, but had

not, I believe, the leaſt ſuſpicion of our having any farther intimacy: for to do her juſtice, altho' ſhe lov'd ſtirring and buſtleing in other people's affairs, in order to do them ſervice, yet no woman was leſs meddling in curious tittle-tattle; and from a good-natur'd love of believing the beſt ſhe could, of every body, ſhe never hearken'd after private ſcandal. On my ſaying *Nicanor* was gone to fetch the money, ſhe ſhook her head, and ſaid, I knew little of the world, to believe that a friend would part with a thouſand pound in ſuch a manner; and I might truſt to her knowledge and experience, when ſhe aſſured me, that I ſhould find an excuſe arrive inſtead of the money, or ſhould never hear of *Nicanor* any more.

Before *Artemiſia* left me, I received a note from *Nicanor*, to ſay, that a little accident had happened to prevent his return ſo ſoon as he intended; but before the evening was over, he would certainly bring me the money. I read this note to my friend, which, inſtead of convincing her of my having reaſon to depend on *Nicanor's*

nor's friendſhip, made her more urgent with me immediately to quit my houſe and go to hers, till ſhe ſet out for *Yorkſhire*; but ſeeing me poſitively bent on refuſing her offer, and waiting for *Nicanor*, ſhe took her leave of me for the preſent, but kindly ſaid that ſhe would call on me on the morrow evening, to know my final reſolution about accepting her invitation.

I had very little notion of the poſſibility of *Nicanor*'s diſappointing me, and inwardly ſmiled at *Artemiſia*'s ſuſpicions; but it growing very late, and hearing nothing of *Nicanor*, I cannot ſay but I ſpent the night in more perplexing thoughts than I had ever before experienced. I waited that whole night, but early the next morning ſent a porter to *Nicanor*'s houſe with a note, to deſire to know what had detain'd him. The man came back, and told me that the gentleman I had ſent to was an odd ſort of a man, and was both abroad and at home at the ſame time: for one perſon that he ſpoke to told him the gentleman was abed, and did not love to be

diſturbed ſo early in the morning; and that another maid ſervant calling this man a fool, ſaid that the gentleman was gone out of town. As the porter appeared drunk, I took my note out of his hand, and did not much mind what he ſaid; but at noon, when I heard no news of *Nicanor*, having no longer patience, I ſent my own maid ſervant with a letter to his houſe, charging her, if poſſible, to deliver it into his own hands; or if ſhe could not obtain the favour of ſpeaking to him, to make every enquiry poſſible to know what was become of him. But what was my amazement, when my ſervant returned and gave me back my letter! for ſhe did not leave it, ſhe ſaid, as *Nicanor*'s ſervant told her that her maſter went out of town the night before, without ſaying to what place he was gone; and had left word that the time of his return was perfectly uncertain. When I reflected on *Nicanor*'s very odd behaviour on my telling him of the loſs of my fortune (for very ſtrange was it to me, that a man of his apparent affluent circumſtances ſhould not ſay what I thought would

would be ſo natural on that occaſion: and that his want of money could not be the cauſe, I judg'd, from his readineſs at laſt to fetch me ſuch a ſum as a thouſand pound) when I conſidered the equivocal anſwer which I received in the morning, and which I imputed to the blundering ignorance of the meſſenger, with the account of his abruptly leaving *London*, which I had juſt heard from my own maid; I could not withſtand ſo many concurring evidences of a truth which ſtartled me not a little; namely, that *Nicanor*, on hearing of my loſs of fortune, was determined to leave me; that he had artfully made that ſhew of generoſity, the offering to fetch me the money, in order for a fair pretence for going from me; and that he had cruelly abandoned me in my diſtreſs. I began to think that *Artemiſia* really knew much more of mankind than I did, and that it really might require more friendſhip than any man ever yet poſſeſſed for another, to part with ſuch a ſum as a thouſand pounds. Experience had convinced me, that *Nicanor* would ſpare no ex-

pence on me in which he could partake; but that he would not part with any money without ſuch participation, was too plain on the other hand. Such an inſtance therefore of paltry ſelfiſh treachery as appeared to me in the behaviour of *Nicanor*, made me almoſt wiſh to behold the face of mankind no more.

Artemiſia came punctually to her appointment, and found me much more ready to give attention to her friendly propoſal than I was the day before. She told me that whilſt I was enjoying myſelf at her country houſe, under her protection, ſhe ſhould by letters to ſome friends of hers in town, tranſact the whole buſineſs for me of receiving my fortune, and ſave me any ſort of trouble in the affair. This, I own, was very agreeable to my inclination and diſpoſition; for to be ſolicitous and anxious about a law-ſuit, was what I would not willingly have undergone, altho' ſucceſs was ſure to have followed my undertakings. One thought about *Nicanor* had not any chance for ſtopping my journey in-

to

to *Yorkſhire:* for he had to me proved himſelf ſo very unworthy my farther conſideration, that I had with all my might caſt his remembrance from my boſom. The only thing which ſtuck with me at preſent, was the diſhonourable appearance of flying from a debt, which altho' contracted by the roguery of my agent, was in juſtice due. But *Artemiſia* convinced me, that to fly from a priſon till I could be enabled to pay the debt, which I really, as ſoon as I had the means, intended to do, could be no breach of either honour or honeſty, and was only taking a ſtep to which common prudence muſt excite me.

As ſoon as I conſented to accept her kind protection, ſhe inſiſted upon it that I ſhould not lie another night at my own lodgings, but ſhould be with her at her houſe in *Golden-ſquare*; ſhe was obliged, ſhe ſaid, to go home herſelf directly, to an appointment about buſineſs; but in two or three hours time ſhe would ſend her coach, and would never forgive me if I did not return in it.

With all the hurry I could make, my few little affairs were ſcarcely managed before *Artemiſia*'s coach arrived, and in it her nephew *Eugenio*, a young gentleman about twenty years of age, whom ſhe ſent out of civility to conduct me in ſafety to her houſe. *Eugenio* on his firſt ſeeing me, bluſh'd like a girl of fifteen; and during the week I ſtaid at his aunt's houſe in town, I plainly diſcovered the cauſe of his firſt baſhfulneſs; for he got courage enough afterwards, to declare how much at firſt ſight he was ſtruck with a violent paſſion for me; and he was warmly ſolicitous in every opportunity he could find me alone, that I ſhould marry him. He was to come into poſſeſſion of a good fortune as ſoon as he was of age, and was heir alſo to his aunt's large jointure. My reſolution of not being bound in marriage chains, I was never in much likelihood of breaking; but my preſent circumſtances added double force to that reſolution; for to ſell my perſon either with or without the ſanction of matrimony, was abhorrent

to

to my thoughts; and I would, as *Othello* ſays, have been ſteep'd in poverty to the very lips, and enjoy'd the thoughts of a priſon, rather than have ſubmitted to ſo paltry a traffic.

The *Cry* did not think proper to interrupt *Cylinda*, but wink'd, nodded, and whiſpered to each other, that ſhe was little better than a fool for refuſing ſuch a good offer: and as to the ſelling her perſon in marriage to an agreeable young fellow, it ſounded to them little leſs than ſome of *Portia*'s ſtark nonſenſe. They found no ſuch ſcruples within their own boſoms, and thought therefore that *Cylinda* loſt a charming opportunity of retrieving all the falſe ſteps they could ſpy in her paſt life; and, with a ſmall ſhare of the cunning which they were poſſeſſed of, it would have been very eaſy, they thought, to have kept the boy in ignorance of the truth of her hiſtory.

Cylinda. To have impoſed on a young fellow who was lively and handſome, ſuch

a chain as a wife ſo much older than himſelf; to have obtruded on his innocent affections a woman of intrigue, had malice never inform'd him of my paſt conduct; adding alſo the black ingratitude of making ſuch a return to *Artemiſia*'s kind protection of me in diſtreſs; would have made me truly deteſtable in my own eyes: for in my aſſuming the maſculine character, I always reſolved to play the part of a man of ſtrict honour; altho' I muſt confeſs that the military part of a man of honour, which puts him in daily danger of killing his man, or being run through the body, I was heartily rejoiced to eſcape by the conſideration of being a woman.

SCENE

SCENE IX.

Et nunc omnis ager, nunc omnis parturit arbos:
Nunc frondent ſylvæ, nunc formoſiſſimus annus.
VIRG.

PORTIA. CYLINDA. UNA. THE CRY.

CYLINDA.

E left *Eugenio* in *London* in order for his returning to the univerſity; and to a moſt delightful rural ſituation indeed did *Artemiſia* carry me. I paſs'd my time there very tolerably; for ſhe buſied herſelf all the morning in looking over papers, and ſettling accounts with her ſteward, whilſt I enjoyed my books, and was either roving about in the fields and garden (which latter was very extenſive) or was ſitting undiſturbed

undiſturbed by myſelf in my own apartment, as it beſt ſuited my fancy. My afternoons were entirely devoted to the friendly *Artemiſia*, which when the days were long and the weather fine, we generally ſpent in pleaſant excurſions to view ſome pleaſant proſpect, to ſee ſome fine ſeat, or to pay a ſhort viſit to her diſtant acquaintance. When we were confined at home, *Artemiſia* uſed generally to entertain me with long ſtories of law ſuits, and how ſhe wherretted the lawyers in ſuch and ſuch cauſes; to which, as ſhe was not in the leaſt captious, I payed her only the civility of attention; ſometimes anſwering yes, and ſometimes no, juſt as I caught the ſenſe of the ſtory, enough not to give her any cauſe for offence by a ſuppoſed neglect, and employed my own thoughts on *Lucretius*, *Virgil*, or any of my favourite authors. Could my thoughts and her words have been legible on paper, I fancy they would make a comical figure: for whilſt ſhe was exclaiming againſt the dilatorineſs of lawyers, and telling the hiſtory of her riſing early in the morning to be at one perſon's chambers be-

fore

fore he was up, in order to be ſure to ſpeak with him; of her watching another home to his dinner time for the ſame purpoſe; and affirming that no buſineſs was to be done without induſtry: I was thinking on the uncertain lights which are left us by philoſophers to form any fix'd ſyſtem; my thoughts were travelling through *Lucretius*'s ſucceſſion of atoms in their forming, diſolving, and again renewing this univerſe; or I was amuſing my fancy with the noble poetic flights of *Homer*, or the harmonious *Virgilian* numbers; determining at the ſame time that no entertainment from outward objects was half equal to the imagined company of theſe ancient poets and philoſophers.

The *Cry* now ſtood preponderating with great exactneſs, whether it would be a proof of their wiſdom to laugh at this whimſical contraſt drawn by *Cylinda*, or whether they ſhould toſs up their noſes with contempt; nor could they poſſibly determine till they perceived that it had moved a dimpled ſmile on *Portia*'s countenance, which ſmile

was

was their cue to the exerting their ſcornful ſneers and their ſupercilious contempt.

Cylinda. Our only near neighbour in the country was an old maiden lady, her name *Brunetta*, and her niece a good-humoured ſprightly girl of nineteen. *Brunetta* had been in her youth poſſeſſed of all the beauty a regular ſet of features and a fair complexion could beſtow. She had many offers of marriage, of which ſhe had not refuſed one, and yet was at this time a ſingle woman of threeſcore: for ſhe no ſooner obtained a lover, than by the affectation of cold indifference, and the tyranny of ſcornful beauty, ſhe loſt him. From the period of the decay of her perſonal charms, and her ceaſing to gain new admirers, it would hardly be improper to ſay ſhe ceaſed to exiſt; and, as if conſcious of her loſs of exiſtence, ſhe talked the language of one long ſince dead. For her manner of reprimanding her niece *Maria*, was in the terms of a perſon who had formerly lived; for ſhe uſed frequently to ſay—In *my time* young girls were not ſo flirting and forward—

in

in *my time* young women ſat eight hours a day at their needle, or employed their time in ſtudying the arts and ſciences of houſewifry and cookery.—And thus would ſhe run on about her time in a manner confeſſing ſhe had been long dead; and had ſhe but a little changed her phraſe by calling it her *life-time* ſhe had indeed talked the language proper to a departed ghoſt.

The *Cry* could not but enjoy the ridiculous picture *Cylinda* had drawn of *Brunetta*; yet, as nothing can thoroughly pleaſe them either in writing or converſation but a ſatire on their own particular friends, they again nodded and winked, and one thought this is my aunt—another, this is my old godmother—and others, this is my friend mrs.—And thus each one having the picture of ſome one of their acquaintance before their eyes, they deign'd to honour *Cylinda* with an hearty fit of laughter.

Cylinda. Had *Maria* attended to the advice of her aunt *Brunetta*, ſhe had followed

ed her ſteps; but on the contrary, ſhe had acknowledged a reciprocal affection for a young gentleman of a very good fortune in the neighbourhood whom ſhe really liked, and the match only waited for writings and ſettlements proper for the occaſion, as they were in age and fortune ſuitable to each other.

Although *Maria* lived with her aunt, yet her real guardian was her brother, a man many years older than herſelf, who from a conſiderable poſt under the government lived moſt part of his time in *London*. He was now daily expected, his ſiſter being under age, as a neceſſary party to this marriage. *Artemiſia* alſo told me with great joy, that this gentleman, who at her requeſt had undertaken the trouble of my affairs, would bring me down ſecurities for my whole fortune; as the agent, who had robbed me and others, was taken, and had been forced to refund all his ill gotten wealth. She was very minute in all the particulars of the whole tranſaction; but I confeſs my uſual indolence of temper, and

hatred

hatred of all money matters, continued ſo ſtrong upon me, that I attended to no part of the account but that my fortune was recovered; my debts would be paid; and I ſhould be bound no longer to treſpaſs on her hoſpitable good-nature. Not that I at that time in the leaſt intended leaving her houſe till ſhe herſelf removed to town, or could I bear the thought of a making a convenience of any perſon from their own generoſity, and then caſt them off as being of no farther uſe. But whatever were then my thoughts and intentions, the following ſcene ſhewed me that ——

Here *Cylinda* ſtopped: a ſudden tremor run through all her limbs, the blood forſook her cheeks, and ſuch a languid paleneſs overſpread her countenance, that *Portia* imagined ſhe would have fainted, and begged that ſhe might have ſome aſſiſtance. *Cylinda* ſoon recovered herſelf, enough to ſay ſhe wanted only a ſhort pauſe before ſhe began that part of her ſtory, which ſhe owned ſhe conld not call to remembrance without the greateſt emotion.

SCENE

SCENE X.

Of all the tyrants that the world affords,
Our own affections are the fierceſt lords.
Old play of *Julius Cæſar.*

PORTIA. CYLINDA. UNA. THE CRY.

CYLINDA.

MY fortune being retrieved, and I retired into ſo pleaſant a ſituation in the country, I enjoyed ſuch a ſerenity of mind as might properly be called the tranquillity recommended by the Epicurean doctrine. All the fine poetical deſcriptions of peaceful rural ſcenes were now my choſen ſtudy; and as the ſtrength of my imagination always gave me a kind of participation in the objects that preſented themſelves before me,

me, I could not lye on the banks of ſilent rivers without my mind's ſharing their calm ſerenity: when I beheld the freedom of the animal creation, who following the dictates of their nature, were all exempt from imaginary ills and vain ſolicitude on the account of ambition or avarice, I was led to believe that in ſuch an unreſtrained eaſy life alone was to be found real happineſs. Whilſt ſitting under the ſhade of ſpreading oaks and lofty pines I converſed with the nymphs and dryads of the grove, I by the magic of my fertile fancy metamorphoſed *Artemiſia*'s gardens into the pleaſing plains of *Arcadia*.

This was the ſituation of my mind when *Euſtace* the brother of *Maria* firſt reſided at his aunt's houſe. In all parties whatever, as *Artemiſia* ſelected out *Brunetta*, and as *Maria* and her lover were inſeparable, it came to my ſhare to entertain *Euſtace*; and ſo pleaſing was the taſk, that I roſe each morning with ſuch an alacrity on the proſpect of enjoying his converſation, as was unknown to me before. *Euſtace* ſeemed equally

equally pleaſed with my company; and, from the calm I have already deſcribed, this ſudden gale of pleaſure was the moſt ſeaſonable refreſhment poſſible to my mind; which otherwiſe might have grown weary of its own ſtagnation. My ſearch into philoſophy had been gratified to its full ſcope, and the ſoftening images of every thing around me fitted my heart for ſome new impreſſion. When our fancy is employed in making us believe that we reſemble the ſhepherdeſſes of *Arcadia*, the finding a ſhepherd ſuited to our taſte muſt be a pleaſing diſcovery. In ſhort, as I had no guard upon myſelf, no apprehenſions of being caught by a paſſion from which I had hitherto been perfectly free (notwithſtanding the pains I had taken to fancy myſelf in love with my couſin *Phaon*, at an age when girls are ſuppoſed moſt ſuſceptible of that paſſion) I ſoon found myſelf involved as an actor in a ſcene, which I had all my life determined if poſſible to avoid. For I perceived my heart ſo entangled in its attachment to *Euſtace*, that on his ren-

all

dering my paſſion reciprocal was centered all my happineſs. Of this I confeſs at firſt I had not the leaſt doubt, as I had never yet had occaſion, could it have been in my inclination, to make the leaſt advance to any man; but when I heard that *Euſtace* had a wife, my whole ſoul was in ſuch an alarm and perturbation, that I was almoſt driven to diſtraction. I was truly convinced, that to the boiſterous waves of paſſion no one can ſay, "Hitherto ſhall ye go, and no farther." My beloved ſerenity was flown, and all my philoſophy was as inadequate to reſtore my tranquillity as an old woman's tale. Every ſentiment which I had imbibed from ancient or modern writers, in order to prove the wiſdom of keeping myſelf independent, now gained not my leaſt attention; and I was ready to ſay as *Macbeth* doth of phyſic, that if it cannot cure the diſeaſes of the mind;

Throw reaſoning *to the dogs*; *I'll none on't.*

I am thoroughly convinced by experience, that the ſyſtem of philoſophy form'd by us when we mean only to gratify our pride by fixing our thoughts on our own ſuperior

ſuperior wiſdom, hath a much ſtronger effect upon us in youth, when our paſſions are higheſt, and before we have found out the fallacy of our own hearts, and the real foundation of our fancy'd philoſophy.

In the life I had led with *Millamour*, and with *Nicanor*, I was often forced to read *Ovid* and other ſoftening books, in order to impoſe on myſelf a belief that ſuch a way of life was agreeable to me; but I now found the wide difference between the fancy'd love which I encouraged in my heart for my couſin *Phaon*, and one of thoſe frantic deſires which, if not ſtopped in the beginning, will mount and blaze into a flame too great to be controul'd. By my own experience I perceived, that fifteen is not the age when the paſſion of love is moſt apt to be predominant; and although young girls are often betrayed into indiſcretions, yet I believe that vanity, and a delight in being admired, generally ſtands truly accountable for the charge.

The

The *Cry* thought that they recollected ſome obſervation of *Portia*'s very like what *Cylinda* now ſaid; and conſequently they all knit their brows, and frowned on *Cylinda* with indignation.

Cylinda. On reflexion I found that writers of the deepeſt penetration into the human mind, had generally choſe to exemplify the violent paſſion of love in women grown to full maturity, of which I gathered many examples; and in the foremoſt rank is that left us by *Virgil* of *Dido* towards *Æneas*, who was not only in the full meridian of her life, but had been married, and afterwards had lived for ſome years in a ſtate of widowhood.

No reading could I now attend to with pleaſure, but ſuch as preſented me with the image of my own thoughts. The tumultuous conflicts of *Medea*'s paſſions, the mad love of *Phædra* for her huſband's ſon *Hippolytus*, and the raging flame of *Dido*'s boſom,

ſom, ſympathizing with what dwelt within my own breaſt, ſerved at once to ſoothe and inhanſe my inclination for *Euſtace*. But that he was a married man I confeſs ſtruck me with ſome horror; for all the philoſophic rules of virtue I had ever formed for the regulation of my conduct, muſt be now tranſgreſſed by my injuring another perſon. I was in a manner painfully rent aſunder; and in the ſhort moment whilſt moral virtue bore the ſway, I could rant as well as [a] *Dido*; I could invoke the earth to open its wide jaws and ſink me in its loweſt gulph; or I could with her call on omnipotent *Jove* to hurl me headlong with his thunderbolts to the ſhades, to the pale ſhades of *Erebus*, rather than I would tranſgreſs thoſe laws of moral rectitude which I had preſcribed to myſelf, and which hitherto I never had tranſgreſſed. But all ſuch

[a] *Sed mihi vel tellus optem prius ima dehiſcat,*
Vel pater omnipotens adigat me fulmine ad umbras,
Pallentes umbras Erebi, noctemque profundam,
Ante, pudor, quam te violo, aut tua jura reſolvo.
Virg.

ſuch rants ſerved only to enflame rather than ſubdue my paſſion: and as I could not bear to live ſelf-condemned, I ſoon employed my imagination to prove, that from the law of nature and reaſon polygamy was lawful. The laws and cuſtoms of many wiſe nations where it is allowed, juſtified by their approbation my preſent deciſion of its being not contrary to moral fitneſs: and I remember once to have heard a gentleman ſay, that every man had a right to every woman whoſe conſent he could obtain, was it not for the municipal laws of his country. But ſuch laws were chains too weak to bind me, who conſidered myſelf as a citizen of the world, and far above being confined by ſuch narrow obligations. The injury I ſhould do the wife of *Euſtace*, was all I had now to contend with; but that I ſoon fritter'd away, by reaſoning on the impoſſibility of her being hurt by the loſs of a man to whom ſhe had been bound in the chains of matrimony for eight years, of whom conſequently ſhe muſt be heartily tired, and from whom therefore ſhe muſt rather rejoice to be releaſed. Yet were

it otherwiſe, I immediately proved to my ſatisfaction, that I had the moſt indubitable right to *Euſtace*'s love from the violence of my affection for him. The legal claim of a wife was dull, was ſpiritleſs; and in this contention I would yield to none. I could have turned an *Amazonian* heroine, tho' nothing was more oppoſite to my nature; and, like *Hamlet*, I could have ſaid,

I will fight with her *on this ſcore,*
Until my eye-lids will no longer wag—
—For, *I love* Euſtace—*forty thouſand* wives
Cannot, with all their quantity of love,
Make up my ſum ——

I was now an Epicurean only in practice, and a ſceptic as to all ſyſtems, if in any degree they contained a contradiction to my preſent pleaſure. The conflict being over in my mind, ſome degree of tranquillity returned; and I formed to myſelf pleaſing pictures of my future triumph, when like *Cleopatra* I ſhould engage my *Antony* to remain with me far from the arms of his neglected wife. But I met with an oppo-

ſition from a very unexpected quarter; for *Euſtace* moſt affectionately loved his wife, and regarded his children with a true fatherly fondneſs. He was at firſt ſo pleaſed with my company, and we converſed with ſuch an agreeable freedom, that I had reaſon to believe that I was not indifferent in his eyes; but he was too ſenſible of the conſequence of an engagement with an agreeable woman, to ſuffer himſelf to be eaſily entangled or enſnared into ſuch an attachment; as ſoon therefore as he perceived that my inclination for him was riſing to an uncontroulable height, he ſuddenly left us, and in a manner fled to his wife for refuge.

Here the *Cry* looked exceſſively baulk'd: for *Cylinda* in deſcribing the late tumultuous paſſions which had reſided in her breaſt, had given them ſuch hopes of her being moſt truly one of their own train, that notwithſtanding the pretended diſlike they had profeſſed for her free manner of life, yet they felt ſuch a ſecret ſympathiz-

ing regard for her ſince her ſerenity was fled, that they could not help being vexed at her diſappointment for the loſs of *Euſtace*.

Una had for ſome time kept her eyes averſe from *Cylinda*; and looked under ſuch uneaſineſs, as made *Portia* expect every moment when ſhe would by an indignant frown ſilence *Cylinda*'s farther narration: but on the eſcape of *Euſtace*, *Una*'s eyes a little brightened with pleaſure, and ſhe caſt them on *Cylinda* with a look expreſſive of ſome hope, that her paſſions might yet ſubſide or take a proper turn.

Cylinda. The precipitate departure of *Euſtace* ſo long before his appointed time, with the remembrance of a ſoft confuſion mixed with wildneſs in his countenance the laſt time I ſaw him, convinced me that his flight was a flight from his own inclination. Encouraged by this hope, all other thoughts in my mind, but my intended compleat conqueſt of *Euſtace*, vaniſhed, and I found myſelf engaged in a purſuit, in which no conſideration had the leaſt chance of ſtopping

ping me even for a ſingle moment. Without taking leave therefore of any creature, or doing more than leaving a note behind me to ſay that haſty buſineſs of importance had called me away, I left *Artemiſia*'s houſe the morning after *Euſtace*'s departure, and was a near neighbour to him in *London* almoſt as ſoon as he arrived at his own houſe there.

Here the *Cry* ſtrove with emulation who ſhould firſt embrace *Cylinda*. They honoured her with the appellation of a woman of ſpirit, called her their dear friend, and gave an applauſe as loud as that which generally rattles from the gallery in the theatre, on the tagging a ſcene with ſome unmeaning rant about liberty.

But *Una* riſing from her ſeat with an earneſt accent pronounced theſe words, "O fie! *Cylinda*;" and then taking *Portia* by the hand would have led her from ſuch company, declaring that ſhe had heard enough, and that the *Cry* had judiciouſly ſeized on *Cylinda* as their own.

Cylinda diſentangled herſelf as faſt as poſſible from the *Cry*; and with a ſupplicating voice begged *Una* for compaſſion's ſake to hear her. *Portia* alſo, although ſhe never refuſed yielding the ſtricteſt obedience to the commands of *Una*, yet for ſome private reaſons had ſo uncommon a curioſity to hear the end of this ſtory, that ſhe humbly ſeconded *Cylinda*'s requeſt. *Una*, truſting that *Portia*'s mind was too well regulated to ſuffer the gratification of her curioſity to bring with it any ill conſequence, complyed, with that ſmile of benignity which is the characteriſtic mark of her amiable countenance.

There are ſome actions for which, deep in the boſoms of the *Cry*, dwells a poſitive applauſe: but as it is the buſineſs of their lives to conceal this from others, and ſcarcely to own it to themſelves, they generally are the foremoſt by the utmoſt ſtrength of abuſive words to condemn ſuch actions. However it ſometimes happens,

as

as was at preſent the caſe, that ſuch their applauſe will inadvertently eſcape from their lips. Their joy at *Cylinda*'s greatneſs of mind (as they choſe to term it) in obſtinately adhering to a point on which ſhe had fixed her inclination, made them at firſt overlook, that in her purſuit of *Euſtace* ſhe was following a married man: terrified therefore that they had diſcovered their ſecret approbation of thoſe women, whom they never mentioned but by the name of CREATURES, they ſhrunk far from *Cylinda*; changed their applauſes into abuſe, and call'd up into their countenances all their ſcorn and contempt.

Cylinda. The next morning after I arrived in *London*, I diſpatched a note to *Euſtace*, acquainting him where I lodged, and deſiring to ſee him. It would be endleſs and inſipid to repeat all the various alluring arts I made uſe of to inveigle him from his wife: be it ſufficient to ſay, that at laſt I conquered, and with great propriety may it be ſaid that *Euſtace* yielded; for I was the purſuer, and ſtill maintained

the maſculine freedom of character which I originally had aſſumed. But I could no longer divert myſelf by *Proteus*-like putting on that character which beſt ſuited my fancy; for I was now chain'd down and enſlaved to the moſt rigid of all tyrants, an uncontroulable paſſion; and for near a twelvemonth I led, or rather endured, a life I cannot deſcribe, and hate to remember. I had conſtantly been told by all my lovers, that my underſtanding and ſpirit ſcorning to be confined within limits, had ſoared above an effeminate character, and ſtruck out a new and uncommon road of life. That the beauty of my own perſon, join'd to the ſprightlineſs of my imagination, gave me the power of beſtowing the the moſt exquiſite pleaſure, ſo that I feared no rival; beſides that I had hitherto never put it in any man's power to draw a tear from my eyes, or a ſigh from my boſom, for his neglect: but *Euſtace*, altho' the ſteadineſs of his mind failed him, and ſuffered him to be enſnared by the alluring temptations I threw in his way, yet he would live decently with his wife. This

was

was the only kind of rival I could have dreaded; and the place I found ſhe held in his eſteem in preference to me, ſtruck me to the heart. He, conſcious he was doing wrong, loſt that good-humour which had rendered him more exquiſitely pleaſing than any man with whom I had been before acquainted: ſo that I found I had given a looſe to a paſſion which had no other end but to make me frantic, and conſequently miſerable; and yet inſupportable as my life was, and altho' the alteration of *Euſtace* had taken from me the gratification of this whirlwind of paſſion, yet was I caught in ſuch a ſnare, that I had no power left even to endeavour at the conqueſt of it. The jealouſy I was poſſeſſed of concerning his wife, found full employment for all my thoughts, and kept me in too tumultuous an uproar to give me any leiſure for reflexion, or opportunity to form any reſolution for my own peace. My ſelf-admiration was loſt; I found all my boaſted ſtrength was nothing more than a defence againſt enemies, too weak to overcome an infant. But the mo-

ment my temptation became real and dangerous, it failed, and was found good for nothing: my learning and philoſophy too I now eaſily perceived were inadequate to any other purpoſe than mere amuſement; ſo that I had no refuge to fly to, but yielded myſelf up as a ſacrifice to a paſſion which was a continual torment, and which by the unlucky ſituation of both *Euſtace* and myſelf, produced very little pleaſure to either of us. Under the dominion of this torturing love or racking jealouſy, for it was ſuch a mixture of contradiction that I hardly know what name to give it, I continued, till *Euſtace* once failing his appointed time for twenty minutes, which my imagination as eaſily enhanced to as many hours, I with impatience ſent a ſervant to his own houſe, to enquire privately concerning him; but when the meſſenger returned, with an account that *Euſtace* and his whole family had ſet out from *London* the day before, and had endeavoured to conceal where they were going, the confuſion of my mind was beyond deſcription: his abſence filled my ſoul with grief; his flight

flight called forth all my indignation; and my ignorance where to follow him threw me into the moſt raging deſpair. I had ranted with *Dido* on the beginning of her paſſion for *Æneas*, and now her ravings for his flight were full as well adapted to my preſent circumſtances. My whole ſoul being thus alarm'd, my imagination could rove in no path but in that of *Dido*'s death. Her example ſtruck me with admiration; and in ſuch a ſituation as her's (as well as my own) I began to think that death alone was eligible. This was no ſooner ſettled in my mind, than many arguments from the remembrance of my philoſophic days preſented themſelves to confirm my opinion; which were all ſtrongly corroborated by my preſent abhorrence of life. Philoſophy had told me that death was no evil; my own immediate ſenſations informed me that life was no good: how naturally then did I draw a concluſion, that to death alone the preference was juſtly due!

From this way of thinking, a glimmering ray of comfort returned to my long gloomy

gloomy mind. My uſual love of liberty and independence began in a ſmall degree to exert itſelf; and I was pleaſed in the thought that I would not be conſtrained longer to endure the ills of life, than ſuited with my own will and free determination. My thoughts even of *Euſtace* began to ſubſide, and my preſent favourite purſuit was death. Yet this purſuit I follow'd not with my uſual velocity, but took time to deliberate on the various ways I muſt make uſe of, in bringing my life to an end. Poiſon, daggers, and many other methods preſented themſelves to my view; but I really loved pleaſure, and, notwithſtanding all my former boaſted ſtoiciſm, held bodily pain in ſuch utter abhorrence, that I never could ſubmit to being blooded without ſhrinking with fear, and trembling at the approach of the ſurgeon. Little therefore could I endure the thought of cruelly mangling and butchering my own perſon. I was alſo at ſome loſs to determine what hero, heroine, or philoſopher I ſhould imitate in my death. Sometimes I determin'd like *Cleopatra* to put *aſpics* to my veins, and

and *as in a ſlumber breathe my ſoul away.* Would my fear of bodily anguiſh have given me leave, I ſhould ſoon have built my funeral pile after the example of my favourite *Dido*; and phœnix-like been conſumed in my own fires. Then did my imagination ramble from one philoſopher to another, and by turns I was willing to reſemble them all in my death. But ſtill I found ſomething in my own circumſtances or mind ſo different from them all, that I no ſooner formed one determination than I ſuddenly changed it for another. My perplexity was ſo great, that I could fix no reſolution: but this employment of my mind joined to the abſence of *Euſtace*, greatly abated my love. Nay, ſo long did I keep my thoughts bent on the various methods of dying, that at laſt I loſt all inclination for death itſelf; and thus, by a whimſical turn in my own mind, was I (as I then thought) cured of a paſſion which had given me inexpreſſible torment. But in what a condition did it leave me! I became ſo inſipid and languid, that I ſeemed to have

have no ſpur to action; no motive to rouſe me to the leaſt alacrity, nor had I any inclination left for either death or life. I was indeed now become a practical ſtoic, for I was indifferent to all things. But whilſt I was in this languid ſtate, hardly having ſpirit enough to give a propriety to the ſaying I was alive, a ſervant one day brought me a ſmall pacquet. It was with difficulty that I prevailed with myſelf to take the trouble to open it; for I cared for no one creature, nor wiſhed to hear from any of the race of mankind: when caſting my eyes on the ſuperſcription, I knew it to be the hand-writing of *Euſtace*.

On the ſight of *Euſtace*'s hand, my languid ſtate of calm was ſuddenly metamorphoſed into a tumultuous tempeſt. I fluctuated between hopes and fears of I knew not what. I fancy'd this might be a requeſt from *Euſtace* of renewing our intimacy. Then ſuddenly did the pleaſure of his converſation at our firſt acquaintance riſe uppermoſt in my memory; my wiſhes

and

and imagination flew to the ends of the earth to fetch him back again, and I would have ſacrificed the world for his return. But yet the torments I had ſuffered from jealouſies and diſappointments, even whilſt I might be thought to be gratifying the higheſt deſire of my heart, made me ſhudder at the thought of renewing ſuch a ſcene; and I dreaded what but the inſtant before was my moſt ardent wiſh; nor could I poſſibly tell whether I was pleaſed or grieved at the ſight of this pacquet: but with a terror that would ſcarcely ſuffer me to break the ſeal, I opened it, and in it found the two following letters. The firſt which I ſhall read is from *Euſtace*, the other (and which was incloſed in it) is from his wife to her own ſiſter.

The Letter from Euſtace *to* Cylinda.

"Dear Madam,

"I Thank God, I am at laſt returned "again to my reaſon, and have gained "ſtrength enough to break from my incli-

"nation

" nation to you, and to fly back to the ever-
" endearing and faithful arms of my truly
" eſtimable wife; but ſtill my affection
" for you is enough rooted in my boſom,
" for me ardently to wiſh your happineſs;
" which, believe me, *Cylinda*, is not to be
" found in a frantic ravery for a ſtate of in-
" dependence on God or man. The weak-
" neſs of our ſtate in this world, makes it
" neceſſary for us all to fly for protection to a
" ſuperior power; but women want a double
" protection, as being encompaſſed round
" with ſnares and temptations of every kind.
" How often have you in your hours of
" love wiſh'd yourſelf my wife! I could
" then, *Cylinda*, have unfolded to you a ſe-
" cret that would have informed you, that
" had you not from your youth delighted
" to tread in an unbeaten path, and placed
" all your joy in being independent, ſuch
" would have been your fate. I wanted
" reſolution to ſtand thus ſhocking you;
" nor would I do it now, if I did not ſee
" it neceſſary to open your eyes on the
" conſequence of indulging yourſelf in ſuch
" a whimſical life, and to probe the wound

" to

" to the bottom, in order to cure it. Per-
" haps you may remember, *Cylinda*, that
" in your youth your father told you he
" had received a propoſal of marriage for
" you from a man whom he favoured with
" his eſteem: he would kindly have per-
" ſuaded you to accept it, but you perſiſted
" reſolutely in your refuſal. That propo-
" ſal came from *Euſtace*. You might have
" been the faithful partner of my vows; I
" might have cheriſhed you in my boſom;
" I might have eſteemed and loved you
" without being guilty of any treachery to
" a wife. O *Cylinda*, that title to my affec-
" tions which by ſo many fallacious argu-
" ments you have frequently endeavoured
" to urge, might have been juſtly yours!
" In ſpeaking this I know I ſhall ſtrike
" daggers to your heart; but I am con-
" ſcious that nothing could force me to
" give you this pain, but the hope that it
" may be for your future tranquillity.
" The incloſed letter was given me by my
" wife's ſiſter. Wretch that I am, to have
" given cauſe for ſuch heart-rending con-

tents

" tents! What ſhould I have deſerved, had
" not this letter wrought the effect on me
" which is viſible from the ſtep I have
" taken! I ſend it with the hopes of its
" anſwering the ſame purpoſe towards you;
" and let me beg it as the higheſt of fa-
" vours, that you would make it your on-
" ly ſtudy for one whole week. Let every
" ſentiment ſink into your heart, and ſee
" there the only road to happineſs: and
" oh *Cylinda!* ſee there the pain our grati-
" fication of a wild appetite hath given the
" beſt of women, my beſt of wives. I
" could not but tell her our ſtory, to clear
" up my late behaviour; ſhe ſays ſhe pi-
" ties you from her heart, and hopes you
" will open your eyes on your own true
" happineſs, and never again give a looſe
" to raging paſſions, whoſe end muſt be
" miſery. I know it is too late now for you
" to think of a protector in a huſband, as
" you are too generous, after the life you
" have led, to be guilty of deceit, and to
" conceal in your heart a ſecret from any
" man you would marry. Therefore, oh
" *Cylinda!* ſeek a higher protection, and

" let

" let the remainder of your penitent life
" be ſpent in a truſt in God, and a de-
" pendence on his goodneſs. If this let r
" hurts you, forgive me, impute it to my
" zeal for your ſervice; and I beſeech and
" beg you let it have the effect propoſed:
" for by that means alone, it ſtill remains
" in your power to give great pleaſure to
" your ſincere friend

EUSTACE.

The Letter from Euſtace's *Wife to her own Siſter.*

" My deareſt Siſter,

" WHY will you by your tender en-
" quiries draw from my breaſt
" what ought to remain there in faithful
" ſilence? nothing but your ſurmiſe that
" I had reaſon to ſuſpect my deareſt huſ-
" band of an attachment to ſome other
" woman, could have forced me freely to
" declare the real thoughts of my heart,
" rather than ſuffer you to believe him
" guilty of a fault, or that I could har-
" bour the leaſt ſuſpicion of his infidelity.

" But

" But ſince you have in a manner engaged
" me to lay open my whole heart; bear
" with me, my deareſt *Iſabel*, whilſt I ex-
" poſe to you every ſecret thought, every
" wiſh; and in return, chide this impatient
" ſpirit if you find it not ſufficiently ſubmiſ-
" ſive to a lot ſo unexpected, and therefore
" a little hard to bear.

" You have partly been a witneſs to
" the happy days I have enjoyed with my
" beloved *Euſtace*: but you ſaw only the
" outward appearance and harmony ſub-
" ſiſting between two minds, to all ap-
" pearance ſo formed as ours were for each
" other: you could not thoroughly feel
" the unbounded inward joy my heart ex-
" ulted with, in my kind huſband's fond
" indulgence! 'Tis almoſt impoſſible for
" any one to conceive the pleaſure I enjoy-
" ed from that ſubordinate dependence,
" which gave me daily opportunities of ex-
" erting the higheſt gratitude. That I was
" ſo happy as to be agreeable to my
" *Euſtace*, and that by my real endeavours
" to pleaſe him, he ſeemed alſo to enjoy

" the

" the higheſt felicity, as it filled my heart
" with tranſport, could do no other than
" ſhew itſelf in the chearfulneſs of my coun-
" tenance: but too truly have you pryed
" into my ſoul, when you tell me that
" you plainly perceive that for this laſt
" twelvemonth my chearfulneſs is partly
" clouded, and a ſecret melancholy is crept
" into my boſom. — Oh, my dear ſiſter,
" how ſhould it be otherwiſe, when from
" that time I found my huſband's delight
" in me was gone!

" Had the cauſe been as you gueſſed,
" had a new miſtreſs engaged his affections,
" I ſhould have hoped that time and my
" conſtant endeavours to pleaſe him might
" have reſtored me his heart. But I fear I
" have diſcovered what hath made me the
" moſt wretched of human beings. I fear
" that from ſome unfortunate minute I be-
" came the object of my *Euſtace*'s diſguſt!
" I know he could not bring himſelf to do
" an unjuſt or a diſhonourable action: I
" know that he is conſcious I have never
" done any thing to forfeit his love and
" eſteem,

" eſteem, nor can he therefore bear to treat
" me otherwiſe than as the virtuous and
" faithful partner of his vows. But his
" ſometimes penſive melancholy, and his
" wild looks, when I ſay any thing tender
" or endearing to him, are but too con-
" vincing proofs that he finds a diſtaſte to
" me in his mind, which his tenderneſs and
" good-nature makes him deſirous to con-
" ceal. His children too ſeem, with their
" wretched mother, to have loſt that place
" which they once held in his affections.
" For inſtead of looking on them with that
" paternal delight which uſed to ſparkle
" from his eyes, when they endeavoured to
" amuſe him with their innocent prattle, he
" now ſtarts from them when they cling
" about his knees, and his guſhing tears
" expreſs ſome hidden ſorrow. I try as
" much as poſſible to conceal from him
" my own unhappineſs, on perceiving this
" loſs of his affection; but he has too
" much ſagacity not to obſerve it, and the
" diſcovery ſeems to pierce him to the ſoul.
" I think I juſt now ſtyled myſelf the moſt
" wretched of human beings; but I am

" convinced

" convinced that my dear huſband is a " greater object of compaſſion than my- " ſelf: for to be compelled by good-na- " ture to expreſs an affection which you " have not, to act always upon your guard " in order not to grieve and afflict a perſon " who lives but upon your ſmiles, is a " ſituation worſe than any torment that can " be imagined to a generous mind.

" To deliver my *Euſtace* from this " wretched ſituation, how willingly would " I remove myſelf into ſome remote cor- " ner of the earth! But this I dare not pro- " poſe, as I know it would ſhake his gene- " rous ſoul almoſt to madneſs: and was he " even to conſent that I ſhould baniſh my- " ſelf for his ſake, my ghoſt would every " day haunt his imagination; and we " ſhould be equally as miſerable when ſe- " parate, as we are now by being united. " Good God! ſupport me to bear with " patience the thought that our union is " our miſery! How ſometimes doth my " ſtubborn heart rebel, when my imagina- " tion hath preſented me with a certain

" method

" method by which I could relieve my
" huſband's miſery, and my own intolera-
" ble anguiſh! But how can I dare, even
" for a moment, impiouſly to think of
" taking the power of life and death out
" of the hands of the diſpoſer of life and
" immortality? yet ſuch horrid thoughts,
" my ſiſter, have riſen in your *Amanda*'s
" breaſt; but thanks to the mercy and
" grace of my redeemer, they paſt haſtily
" through my boſom, and from the ex-
" treme wretchedneſs of my earthly ſitua-
" tion (for ſurely no torment can be
" greater to a tender heart, than the break-
" ing up an affection that was reciprocal)
" I found a beam of hope dart in upon my
" mind, that this affliction was ſent me in
" order to wean my heart from being too
" ſtrongly fixed on any happineſs this
" world can beſtow; and to teach me that
" our chief views in this our chriſtian call-
" ing, muſt be centered in the promiſes we
" have of happineſs hereafter. This
" chriſtian hope, cheriſhed and cultivated,
" hath reſtored ſome degree of calmneſs to

" my

" my mind. 'Tis true my heart is ſtill
" greatly hurt when I ſee my dear *Euſtace*
" unhappy, yet no tranſitory evils can ren-
" der that mind compleatly wretched
" which is endued with this animating
" hope. By this I can look with pleaſure
" on the approach of death; and by this I
" can with patience ſubmit to wear out
" the number of days allotted me by in-
" finite wiſdom.

" Thus have I as I promiſed, my dear-
" eſt ſiſter, laid before you the inward pic-
" ture of my mind. I found I could more
" freely, and with leſs emotion diſcover to
" you my thoughts in writing, than by
" truſting myſelf with entering on a con-
" verſation which I beg may never more
" be mentioned between us. And I charge
" you alſo by our long and faithful friend-
" ſhip, that you on no account let my
" huſband know of this letter; leſt he
" imagine that I intend to reproach or
" complain of him. Heaven is my wit-
" neſs I intend neither! Could I recall his
" former affections (but that I fear is ut-

" terly impoſſible) he ſhould ſtill experi-
" ence my utmoſt endeavours to contribute
" to his eaſe and pleaſure. Our children
" then might once more become our uſual
" joy and comfort. My little *Julia* ſhould
" not daily draw tears from thoſe eyes by
" aſking what ſhe hath done, that her fa-
" ther ſhould look ſo ſeverely upon her.
" My *Euſtace* ſhall again ſmile on his
" blooming offspring, and with fond at-
" tention hear me repeat to him the
" mimic actions of his little ſon.—But
" whither have my vain thoughts and
" wiſhes led me! I had indeed for a mo-
" ment baniſhed from my mind the cruel
" reflexion, that the power of pleaſing and
" delighting my deareſt huſband is fled
" from me: and had forgot that I have
" nothing left but prayers for his future
" felicity both here and hereafter! Join al-
" ſo your prayers with mine, my gentle
" ſiſter, for my huſband's happineſs and
" proſperity, and for a continuance of pa-
" tience and proper reſignation in

your AMANDA.

The

The grave ſeverity of *Euſtace*'s expreſſions filled me with a ſort of ſudden awe, which ſuſpended all other paſſions towards him; and that part of his letter which he ſaid would ſtrike daggers through my heart, employed the leaſt of my thoughts. I was filled with aſtoniſhment at *Amanda*'s letter; and knew not whether I ſhould deſpiſe her as the moſt mean-ſpirited creature breathing, or fix my whole love and admiration on ſuch an uncommon picture of patience and unmoved affection in a wife.

Now many feminine voices from amongſt the *Cry* broke forth in their ſhrilleſt notes, aſſerting that *Amanda* was truly an object of the higheſt contempt: every woman with an enraged countenance ſaying, "Had *Euſtace* been *my* huſband!—"or had he been *my* huſband"!—There they made a full ſtop; for daggers, poiſons, &c. &c. were for once to be ſupplyed by the hearers.

But *Una* and *Portia* were here all attention to *Cylinda*, hoping that the remon-

ſtrances of *Euſtace*, joined to *Amanda*'s letter, would have their proper effect on her mind.

Cylinda. The earneſt recommendation of *Euſtace*, that I would make the letter he had encloſed my ſtudy for one whole week, and try by that means whether I could ſubdue a paſſion which had been ſo long fatal to the peace of both our minds, I comply'd with; and made it ſo much my whole employment to ſtudy his wife's letter, that every ſentiment ſunk deep into my breaſt. I was by degrees awakened as from a dream; and feared that my whole life could properly be counted nothing elſe but a fantaſtic viſion. Tears flowed from my eyes at the tragic ſcene my ungovern'd paſſions had cauſed in the before happy family of *Euſtace*; and I now beheld the fallacy of thoſe arguments, by which I fancy'd myſelf perſuaded that I did the wife of *Euſtace* no harm in withdrawing from her his affections. I conſidered that with the ſtrongeſt and tendereſt affection for

for him, with the greateſt reaſon for many years to believe that affection reciprocal, cemented alſo by the yet ſtronger tye, one common offspring, her gentle ſpirit could with the moſt exemplary patience ſubmit to an unexpected cold neglect, and center all her cares in anxious fears, leſt her huſband ſhould be unhappy. She could talk of hope in a ſituation wretched enough to drive almoſt the ſtrongeſt mind to diſtraction; whilſt I with all my boaſted philoſophy, for the meer gratification of a wild appetite, had from raging jealouſy ſuffered inexpreſſible torments. From her chriſtian faith and dependence on the promiſes of God, ſhe had formed (ſhe ſaid) that hope on the ſureſt and ſtrongeſt foundation: ſhe declared too, that although her heart could not but feel when ſhe ſaw her huſband unhappy, yet whilſt ſhe preſerved that hope entire, no tranſitory evils could have power to ſink her into a miſerable deſpair.

I firſt learnt to read, 'tis true, out of the Bible; and had in my childhood read

enough to remember ſome of the principal facts: but as in all my converſation which by my father's acquaintance fell chiefly amongſt men of learning, and great literature, I had never heard the ſacred writings mentioned with half the reverence which was paid to the heathen authors; I looked on chriſtianity as well as every other religion, only as a piece of policy invented to keep the ignorant vulgar in awe; and I ſhould have prided myſelf more in remembering a verſe of *Homer*, *Virgil*, or *Horace*, or a ſentiment in *Plato*, than in knowing the whole doctrine of the old and new teſtament. When I lived in the country I went often to church, for my father thought it decent; and I pleaſed myſelf with being of conſequence enough to bear a part in this policy, as I aſſiſted by my example to deceive the vulgar into good manners. But I was perfectly ſatiſfied of being myſelf let into the ſecret of which they poor ſouls were ignorant: and if I attended to the ſermons, I ſagaciouſly ſeparated every word that was peculiar to the chriſtian doctrine, from thoſe

which

which treated of the beauties of morality. The former I thought properly enough adapted to the mob, whilſt I acknowledged myſelf a party concerned only in the latter. As to that part of *Amanda*'s letter in which ſhe declares, "that her ſubordinate de-"pendence on her huſband was her plea-"ſure, as his indulgence was food "for the moſt pleaſing gratitude;" I confeſs it appeared at firſt ſight perfectly unintelligible: for to a mind which had never admitted the leaſt idea of pleaſure, but what aroſe from independence; ſuch a declaration could ſound only like a jargon of gibberiſh. But on often reading and conſidering it over, a faint notion from within (which my continual whims had never yet given me leiſure to exert) told me that it was not altogether nonſenſe. As this notion gathered ſtrength in my mind, I began to wiſh that, like *Amanda*, I had in my youth and bloom of beauty choſe a man of true underſtanding and ſteady principles, who might kindly have guided my wandering imagination, and been my protector from the idle and miſchievous ro-

vings of my own whimſical brain. And now did the whole force of *Euſtace*'s diſcovering himſelf in his letter to have been the rejected offer of my youth, break in upon my mind, and moſt ſenſibly ſtrike daggers through my heart. Yet the true affection he expreſſed in his zealous wiſhes, that my tranquillity might be reſtored, melted me into a kindneſs for him which I had never felt before: for nothing is generally ſo abſent from the moſt violent paſſions, as one grain of real kindneſs. Now clearly was it opened to my view, that had I ſuffered my unbridled imagination to have been reſtrained in its proper curb, a tender parental direction, I might have found this now wiſhed-for guide and protector in the only true and real object of my choice. This reflexion was poiſon to all my peace; and ſhowers of repentant tears cannot waſh away the excruciating thought. Shame and remorſe are doomed to be my companions, and comfortleſs and friendleſs muſt I wear out the remainder of my wretched days. Here a flood of tears fell from the eyes of *Cylinda*; but

Portia

Portia coming forward, addreſſed her in the following manner.

Portia. O *Cylinda*, in *Portia* you now ſee ſtanding in your preſence your formerly much coveted friend; and during my whole youth, I never from my own inclinations felt ſo ſtrong an oppoſition to the commands of the beſt of mothers, as when I was torn from your converſation, and forbid the continuance of your correſpondence, or even the anſwering one of your friendly letters. Take it not as a reproach that I here reflect with the higheſt thanks and gratitude on that parental care over my tender mind, which I then eſteemed little leſs than harſh ſeverity. Young as I was at that time (for I think my age did not exceed twelve years) you treated me as a fit companion of your ſtudies, and preferred my company to that of men and women twice my age, and who were eſteemed both wiſe and learned. Your ſpritely converſation was peculiarly adapted to my diſpoſition; and to what pernicious length my joy and delight in you might

have carried me, I now ſhudder to think of.

Cylinda. Oh *Portia*, I would have ruin'd you—I would have led your docile mind through all the puzzling mazes and roving fancies which I wildly traverſed, and made you as great a wretch as now begs your forgiveneſs.

Portia. It was the error of your judgment, *Cylinda*, and not a malicious heart, that cauſed your deſire of leading my imagination in the ſame road with your own: but thankfully muſt I again applaud the goodneſs and wiſdom of the parent under whom I was educated, and the mercy of God in preſerving me from ſuch evils. At the early age of ſix years old I loſt my father; yet his precepts were the principal foundation of all the inſtructions I afterwards received: for young as I was, he perceived (he ſaid) the openings of a lively imagination; which, if directed into a right channel, would turn to my advantage, and be a real bleſſing; but if left to rove in the

bewildered paths of error, would only ſerve to render my life a tumultuous hurricane, and would be indeed my greateſt curſe. He left it as a requeſt to my mother, that I might have all the learning I was capable of attaining, and this for a very uncommon reaſon; namely, that I might not look up to it with a prepoſterous admiration as if it was ſomething dwelling in the clouds, and the whole center of true wiſdom. To perſuade men againſt too high an admiration of any worldly and tranſitory advantages ſeems the whole drift of an eminent [b] ethical heathen writer; how much more then ſhould a chriſtian look with indifference on the trifling acquiſitions which are no way productive of the happineſs promiſed by his Saviour! My father kindly reſolved that I ſhould not have the *Herculean* labour of cleanſing the *Augean* ſtable, or what is much worſe, a corrupted mind. He took care therefore in the begin-

[b] *Epictetus.*

beginning, that wrong principles, the fouleſt of corruption, ſhould not be planted in my young and tender boſom. My mother made it her whole employment to follow the directions of a beloved huſband, in her care of the only offspring of their mutual love. She taught me to cultivate ſimplicity, and to guard my mind againſt every the ſmalleſt degree of affectation. The fear of falſe ridicule was from my infancy plucked up by the roots; for ſuch a fallacious timidity puts it in the power of every buffoon delighter in burleſque to damp each riſing virtue, and to drive us into vice by our want of courage to ſtand an ill-placed laughter. Altho' a wilful ignorance, and the perverſely ſhutting my eyes againſt any inſtruction, would have been highly reprimanded in me, yet was I taught fearleſsly and without a bluſh, where no ſuch obſtinacy was in the mind, to uſe the words "I cannot tell." For indeed it is the fear of pronouncing theſe few dreaded words, that frightens half mankind from ever attaining any real knowledge. Inſtead of being terrified with the

fear

fear of being made a dupe, I was told that ſhame only properly belonged to the having acted a cunning and treacherous part towards another. It was my father's deſire and my mother's practice to prevent the entrance of error, and then they made no doubt but truth would find room to inhabit my well-taught mind. Another reaſon which my father gave for having me inſtructed in as many languages as my memory could retain, was, that I might be a real agreeable companion as a wife, to any man of ſenſe.

It was impoſſible for *Portia* at preſent to proceed one word farther; for the *Cry* in a loud horſe laugh all at once clamour'd forth—Abſurd! ridiculous! a learned woman a fit wife for any man! Then *Clodio* ſtepping forward from the crowd, with a ſneer aſk'd *Portia*, ſince ſhe had now profeſs'd herſelf (as he ſaid) a *learned* lady, whether ſhe remembered the following wiſh of *Martial*,

—ſit non doctiſſima conjux!

"Aye, cry'd another—ſo ſay I,"

—ſit non doctiſſima conjux!

The ſame trite quotation was echoed by every one amongſt them who had retained enough of his ſchool learning to underſtand its meaning: and the women, as ſoon as by a whiſper they had got the interpretation of *Clodio*'s latin ſentence, join'd alſo in the chorus, by ſaying—"If I was "a man I am certain I ſhould ardently cry "out,

Good heaven defend me from a learned wife!

If our readers have a curioſity to know what anſwer *Portia* made to all the trifling ſtuff which was at preſent uttered by the *Cry*, we cannot give them that ſatisfaction. But if they would know ſome of her real thoughts, and the anſwer ſhe could have made to *Clodio*, had it been poſſible for her

to

to have been heard, it had been as follows——

Very little advantage (thought *Portia*) ſhould I have gained by my learning or knowledge of any kind, if to every retailer of ſuch common-place wit (with quotations miſunderſtood alſo and miſapply'd) I could not with the utmoſt pleaſure ſay nearly in the words of *Cordelia* in *Shakeſpear*'s King *Lear*,

——— *Peace be with* Burgundy,
Since that reſpects of ignorance *are his love*;
I ſhall not be his wife!

But theſe were only the thoughts which paſs'd within *Portia*'s mind, for ſhe deem'd their rude mirth not worthy an anſwer. As ſoon therefore as the *Cry* had enjoyed all their jokes, and laugh'd themſelves weary, ſhe, without taking the leaſt notice of their obſervations, continued the account ſhe had began of her own education.

Portia,

Portia. My father not only deſigned my learning as a means of being a companion to a man of *real* underſtanding, but to prevent my being ſought after by any other. Or ſhould it be my fate, he ſaid, not to meet with any man that had diſcernment enough to know, that real well-choſe learning and true underſtanding muſt as ſurely direct the mind to a proper behaviour, as half learning and half underſtanding muſt drive it on to affected impertinence; or who had not greatneſs of mind enough to rejoice in a wife's perfections, without any mixture of paltry envy; that I might not, when the natural vivacity of youth was flown, grow into a ſtupid lump of inanity: that from want of means to employ my own mind agreeably, I might not be forced on the trifling practice of goſſiping about other peoples affairs, and become not only a burthen to myſelf but a peſt of ſociety. Theſe were my father's reaſons for his directions concerning my education in that point, and moſt religiouſly did my mother obſerve them. Yet

as

as my learning languages (eſpecially as it was my chief delight) muſt naturally lead me into reading the moſt admired ancient authors, the greateſt care was taken to ſhut out from my boſom philoſophic pride; and I was early inſtructed to place the height of my admiration of meer human wiſdom in *Socrates*, who without divine aſſiſtance had diſcovered the fallacy and narrow bounds of all mortal knowledge. My home was to be the chriſtian faith into which I was baptized; and all my truſt was to be placed in the revelation of God. As this ſimple truth was to be the ſum of all my wiſdom, you cannot wonder, O *Cylinda*, at my mother's flying with me even to the ends of the earth, that I might avoid the alluring bait of your agreeable friendſhip. But if you attend to the remainder of what I promiſed to impart to this aſſembly, I may, as I think I ſee your heart ſoftened and willing to receive the impreſſion of truth, happily lead you from all your perplexing errors, and be truly your friend in the moſt valuable ſenſe of that poor word, ſo often proſtituted by coming from the mouths of thoſe who

who know no other leagues but ſuch as are built on deceitful flattery and treacherous cunning.

Cylinda was able to anſwer *Portia* for ſome time only by flowing tears: but as ſoon as her words could find a paſſage, ſhe expreſs'd herſelf moſt highly intereſted in any thing that could concern her kindeſt friend; for ſuch, with her permiſſion, ſhe now preſumed to call her. She was not, ſhe ſaid, ſo loſt to miſery, but ſhe hoped ſhe could receive ſome pleaſure in hearing of that happineſs in *Portia*, which ſhe had like to have deſtroyed.

But as well might the ſweet nightingale attempt to be heard by his liſtening mate, when the loud thunder and the daſhing rain is ſpouting from the heavens, as for *Portia* to proceed with her narration, or *Cylinda* to give the wiſh'd attention. For the *Cry* had been ſo ſtung to the quick by *Portia*'s account of her education, which baffled and contradicted their frequent deciſions, that ſhe was not that diſturber of their peace a

learned

learned woman, that they again roſe into the moſt violent of uproars. They forgot their eager expectation of holding *Cylinda* in their graſp; and unmindful of ſome of their former commendations, fell into as ſtrong an abuſe of her, as if ſhe had been even *Portia* herſelf; and this for no other part of her fantaſtic life, than her having that learning, which while ſhe made no other uſe of it than the gratification of her pride, was their higheſt admiration. They again repeated all their trite reflexions on womens having more knowledge than they themſelves thought proper to allow them; (for 'tis an invariable cuſtom with the *Cry*, never to let ſome particular ſubjects paſs in converſation, without uttering the ſame worn-out witticiſms which they have before twenty times repeated) and they ended their obſervations with an affirmation, that learning ever was, and ever would be, the ruin of *all* women who poſſeſſed it; which *all* they intended ſolely to mean *Portia*, that one woman whoſe very preſence was hateful to their eyes. The buſtle and hum amongſt the *Cry* was ſo great, their cla-

mor

nor roſe to ſuch an height; and they chaff'd about the hall in ſuch a manner, that even *Una*'s voice would with difficulty have collected them again into one body. The diſcourſe at this time therefore broke off. *Una* retired, and the ſcene cloſed till the next meeting of the ſame aſſembly.

End of PART *the* FOURTH.

PRO-

PROLOGUE

TO

PART the FIFTH.

THE learned *French* critic in his treatiſe on epic poetry, hath given the preference to the writer of the epopeé before either the hiſtorian or the philoſopher; and this under the ſanction of *Ariſtotle*'s own opinion: who mentions alſo ſuch a ſpecies of writing as the comic epic, of which *Homer* himſelf is ſaid to have left an example which was un-

unhappily loſt. "And that we have no "more inſtances of it amongſt the writers "of antiquity (ſays an ingenious [a] author) "is perhaps owing to the loſs of this great "pattern; which, had it ſurvived, might "have found its imitators equally with "the other poems of this great original."

The comic epic (ſays the beforemention'd *French* writer) differs from the grave epic, inaſmuch as it requires not ſuch importance of ſubject, nor need it be founded on a known fact: the ſtory as well as the characters being left to the invention of the comic poet. "[b] Character "(continues he) is no leſs the ſoul of "the hero and of the action (in the epopeé) "than the fable is of the poem, and "con-

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[a] Preface to *Joſeph Andrews*.

[b] Le caractere n'eſt pas moins l'ame du heros et de toute l'action, que la fable l'eſt du poeme; et par conſequent il ſemble exiger une unite auſſi exacte *Boſſu Traite* d'epic. liv. iv. ch. 12.

" conſequently ſeems to require a unity no
" leſs exact."

As our readers are to be found amongſt mankind alone, what can we offer to their view ſo agreeable as a true and natural repreſentation of themſelves? Both the poet and the painter may diverſify the ſituation and embelliſhments of their pictures at pleaſure; but when the one copies human countenances, and the other human minds, they muſt each take care to preſerve an exact reſemblance to their originals.

When we ſee a picture where the features and the due proportions all combine to repreſent a human face, we acknowledge the truth of the portrait; that is, its likeneſs to nature, the grand original, altho' we are unacquainted with the individual for whom it was drawn. But if the painter ſhould animate the countenance to ſuch a height, that the characteriſtic he intends ſhould breathe from the canvas, then hath he top'd his art.

The

The analogy which the poet, in this reſpect bears to the painter, is too obvious to require an application.

It is declared by the above critic (whoſe authority we believe will be eſteemed very little diſputable) "That one of the neceſ-"ſary parts of the epic conſiſts in the [c] "virtue and excellence of the chief perſo-"nage." But as the characters of the comic epic are not like thoſe of the grave epic, to be known perſons or heroes, but the invention of the poet, 'tis to the writers of the latter that this precept ſeems to be peculiarly addreſs'd.

That the chief perſonage of the comic ſhould be endued with virtue and excellence, ſeems moſt palpably evident, in order

[c] —— et la troiſieme, eſt là vertu, et l' excellence du premier perſonnage. *Boſſu.* liv. 1. ch. 12.

der to gain the attention of the reader; as alſo to give him the opportunity of energizing the pleaſing ſenſation of love and affection. Whatever of the ridiculous is to be admitted into ſuch works, ſhould be found amongſt the under characters, or what is properly called epiſodes. The principal figures in our view ſhould give us leave to exerciſe our eſteem; otherwiſe by what means can we be concerned for their diſtreſs, rejoice at their proſperity, or be anxious for the event of their ſtory?

To travel through a whole work only to laugh at the chief companion allotted us, is an inſupportable burthen. And we ſhould imagine that the reading of that incomparable piece of humour left us by *Cervantes*, can give but little pleaſure to thoſe perſons who can extract no other entertainment or emolument from it than laughing at *Don Quixote*'s reveries, and ſympathizing in the malicious joy of the maid at the inn, when ſhe had confined the poor knight in painful durance, by tying him up to the window by the hand, and

letting the weight of his whole body hang on that ſmall hold: and that ſtrong and beautiful repreſentation of human nature, exhibited in *Don Quixote*'s madneſs in one point, and extraordinary good ſenſe in every other, is indeed very much thrown away on ſuch readers as conſider him only as the object of their mirth. Nor leſs underſtood is the character of parſon *Adams* in *Joſeph Andrews* by thoſe perſons, who, fixing their thoughts on the hounds trailing the bacon in his pocket (with ſome oddneſſes in his behaviour, and peculiarities in his dreſs) think proper to overlook the noble ſimplicity of his mind, with the other innumerable beauties in his character; which, to thoſe who can underſtand *the word to the wiſe*, are placed in the moſt conſpicuous view.

That the ridiculers of parſon *Adams* are deſigned to be the proper objects of ridicule (and not that innocent man himſelf) is a truth which the author hath in many places ſet in the moſt glaring light. And leſt his meaning ſhould be perverſely miſ-

under-

underſtood, he hath fully diſplayed his own ſentiments on that head, by writing a whole ſcene, in which ſuch laughers are properly treated, and their [d] characters truly depicted. But thoſe who think continual laughter, or rather ſneering, to be one of the neceſſary ingredients of life, need not be at the trouble of travelling out of their depths to find objects of their merriment: they may ſpare themſelves the pains of going abroad after food for ſcorn; as they may be bleſs'd with a plenteous harveſt ever mature and fit for reaping on their own eſtates, without being beholden to any of their neighbours.

The greateſt men, 'tis true, may have ſome oddneſſes and peculiarities, which are indeed food for mirth and pleaſantry: but the honeſt laughs which they create in the judicious and benevolent mind are ſuch, as their own candor (if they are truly great

[d] *Joſeph Andrews*, book iii. chap. 7. The characters are an old half-pay officer, a dull poet, a ſcraping fiddler, and a lame *German* dancing-maſter.

men) will readily excuſe; and their good-humour, if they have any, will then induce them to join the mirthful chorus: and the reſult muſt be the charm of univerſal chearfulneſs and innocent mirth. We are very apt to do as manifeſt an injury to comic writers, as we do to the characters they repreſent; and becauſe they here and there properly embelliſh their pictures with riſible figures, we want to turn the whole into farce, by deſiring to ſee nothing but the groteſque: we expect in every page to meet with ſuch jeſts as ſhall diſtort our features into a broad grin; otherwiſe, let them paint the moſt agreeable images of human nature, let them ever ſo accurately ſearch the inmoſt receſſes of the human heart, there is a general outcry ſet up againſt them, that they are ſpiritleſs and dull.

But indignation at the malicious rather than ignorant abſurdities which we have heard vented on honeſt parſon *Adams*, hath led us into a much wider digreſſion than we at firſt intended. To return

turn therefore to the ſubject of character in general.

When an author introduces his reader to the acquaintance of a character with which his imagination is warmed, his whole ſoul is delighted; and with whom he cannot avoid for the time playing at a kind of fancy'd friendſhip: how ſenſibly muſt he feel the diſappointment, if on a ſudden he ſhould find this his friend acting a part contradictory to every idea he had conceived of him, and ſhould ſee him really metamorphoſed into another kind of being! Would he not believe that the author was grown as wild thus to ſcandalize and throw dirt at the character which he at firſt repreſented in ſo fair a light, as he would think of the painter who having exerted his utmoſt ſkill to draw a beautiful picture, ſhould on a ſudden beſpatter it with dirt and mire till the features were all loſt in a heap of moſt monſtrous deformity? 'Tis barbarous in an author to tantalize his readers with a pleaſure which he intends thus inhumanly to take from them; and by ſuch

a proceeding he is from ſelf-contradiction convicted of falſehood. When ſuch an incongruous piece as the *mulier formoſa*, &c. mentioned by *Horace* with juſt deriſion, is the produce of the pen or pencil, any one who is the leaſt converſant with nature, may ſafely ſwear that ſhe ſits not for the picture; and it is a moſt atrocious perjury to bring againſt her ſo falſe an accuſation.

The moſt famous of the Grecian ſtatues was ſaid to be formed by collecting all the various female beauties of *Greece* into one figure, which when finiſhed greatly ſurpaſſed any one ſingle living beauty. Yet as every feature was taken from nature, it could not be called any other than a true repreſentation of natural beauty. If a painter in finiſhing a human face ſhould with a ſkilful hand touch and re-touch his portrait, till by the utmoſt force of his imagination he had given ſuch exquiſite grace and beauty, that every one who ſaw it ſhould cry out that it had the face of an angel; yet whilſt the human features were preſerved, it would ſtill reſemble the human

man countenance: but ſhould he exert his art only a little way in the road to deformity, the human countenance would ſoon be loſt, and we ſhould pronounce the hideous caricature ſtrongly to reſemble ſome beaſt: we ſhould be ſtruck with the idea of the fierceneſs of a lion, the ſlyneſs of a fox, the laſciviouſneſs of a goat, &c. As we find therefore, that the characteriſtic of the outward man will be much eaſier preſerved when joined to the higheſt beauty, than when tack'd to deformity below his ſpecific nature; and that 'tis a much more difficult taſk to paint above nature than below it: why ſhould we not readily ſuppoſe it to be juſt the ſame in painting the mental features of the human race?

Were we carefully to examine and extract the opinions from the greateſt geniuſes and the moſt accurate judgments, we ſhould perhaps find them all agree, that characters are not ſo mix'd as on a curſory view they may appear. And altho' it might be abſurd to aſſert that any man is intirely bad, or completely good; yet

there is ſurely no abſurdity in declaring, that every individual poſſeſſed of rationality is abſolutely in the path to goodneſs, or in the road to corruption.

Boſſu[e] from *Ariſtotle* ſays, that what conſtitutes the good or evil actions of a man, is the choice which he makes, and that deſire which he gratifies from the reſult of deliberation. Thus, continues he "the manners are evil when the reſolutions on "which they are formed are evil; and the "manners are good when the reſolutions "are good."

If then it be true, that man is left at liberty by choice and deliberation to fix on his own path, nothing is more demonſtrable than that he can chooſe but one road at a time. An illuſtration from the objects of our ſenſes will make this yet more clear and

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[e] — le choix que l' on fait, et le deſir que l' on a, enſuite d' une deliberation.

Les mœurs ſont mauvaiſes, lorſque les reſolutions que l' on prend ſont mauvaiſes; et que les mœurs ſont bonnes lorſque les reſolutions ſont bonnes. *Boſſu*. liv. iv. chap. 6.

and intelligible. Was a man to mount on horſeback in order to go from *Cobham* to *London*, whilſt he purſues his proper path he by every ſtep arrives nearer his purpoſed end: but if on firſt ſetting out he turns his horſe's head towards *Guilford*, and ſpurs on in the *Portſmouth* road, altho' he ſhould ſwear with the utmoſt vehemence that his journey would end in *London*, yet will he never arrive thither, till by conviction of being in the wrong he is prevailed on to turn into the right road. The traveller in this caſe would be called mad, who whilſt he was viſibly ſpurring his horſe towards *Portſmouth*, ſhould aſſert that he was journeying full ſpeed towards *London*: yet in what concerns the human mind, every man expects to be allow'd in his perfect ſenſes, whilſt by various fallacies he endeavours to prove that to be the only true path to perfection which he himſelf through ſome favourite paſſion or inclination hath choſen. There appears to be but two grand maſter paſſions or movers in the human mind, namely, LOVE and PRIDE. And what conſtitutes the beauty or deformity of a

man's character, is the choice he makes under which banner he determines to enliſt himſelf: but there is a ſtrong diſtinction between different degrees in the ſame thing, and a mixture of two contraries. Thus a man may be more or leſs proud; but if PRIDE be his characteriſtic, he cannot be a good man. So a man may be more or leſs attracted by love, and rouzed to benevolent actions; but whilſt he preſerves LOVE as the characteriſtic of his mind, he cannot be a bad man.

But we here ſpeak of the inherent and predominant paſſion in his ſoul; for the being enſnared by temptation into the temporary gratification of appetites, is entirely foreign to the preſent purpoſe.

The appearance of an incongruous mixture in real characters, ariſes from the narrow limits of mortal perfection. It is an old obſervation, that the extremes of vice border on virtue, and the extremes of virtue run into [b] vice. There are cer-

[b] Inſani ſapiens nomen ferat, æquus iniqui,
Ultra quam ſatis eſt virtutem ſi petat ipſam.
Hor. Ep. 6. v. 15.

certain exuberances or excreſcences in the mind, as well as in the body, which flow from overfulneſs, and, in both caſes, are the cauſe of hurtful diſeaſes: but the mental or bodily phyſician, who cannot diſtinguiſh between a diſtemper ariſing from too great repletion, and a fault in the vital ſtamina, would deſervedly incur the cenſure of being an ignorant quack, and no other than a meer mountebank.

The excreſcence of love may ſwell into fond partiality, but ſtill the vital root of the ſoul may remain clear and uncorrupted. The heart actuated by ſtrong affections may, from a deſire of enjoying unallayed ſocial happineſs, exuberate into too nice a refinement: for by graſping at more exalted and finer pleaſures than fall to the lot of mortals, it oftentimes deſtroys the very happineſs it ſeeks.

On a careful examination it will we believe be found, that moſt of the favourite and exemplary characters of *Homer*, *Virgil*, *Milton*, *Spenſer*, and *Shakeſpear*, have no other

other characteriſtic but what we call love; and 'tis full as evident, that pride rages in the minds of all thoſe characters which they have marked with their cenſure, and painted, it may be preſumed, as ſo many ſcarecrows to fright mankind from following their examples.

Men of learning and judgment, who have written on the ſubject of character, chiefly inſiſt on the neceſſity of its congruity and uniformity in all its parts. And that in ſo eminent a degree, that the judidicious reader ought to know what the chief character in any work of the imagination will naturally perform, according to the ſituation he is thrown into, as well as doth the author himſelf. Suppoſing therefore, that after reading through the *Iliad* to the twenty-ſecond book, we ſhould then find the two ſpeeches of *Hector* and *Achilles*, immediately preceding the combat, tranſpoſed, and each given to the wrong perſon: ſuppoſe *Hector* was to taunt *Achilles*, and with proud and rageful threats of the ignominy with which he intended to treat his lifeleſs

lifeleſs body, and *Achilles* in gentle terms was to deſire that a decent interment might be the lot of the conquer'd; what reader would not think that *Homer* was gone mad, or that a miſtake had remained in the copy from *Homer*'s days even to this preſent time? Where the reader cannot thus form an almoſt unerring judgment, the character drawn by the writer muſt be vague, and muſt alſo baffle all our enquiries concerning its characteriſtic; for this very plain reaſon, that there is indeed no ſuch thing to be found.

A proud man, 'tis true, may ſometimes let ſome ſmall ſparks of humanity appear in his boſom; but then he muſt be taken in the inſtant when his pride is ſatisfied, before he hath time to ſtart a freſh purſuit: and this carries with it only a proof of the truth of that vulgar obſervation, "that "the d—l himſelf is good when he is "pleaſed."

A full exemplification of this may be ſeen in the behaviour of the *Grecian* hero after the death of the noble *Trojan*: for *Achilles*, when

when he had ſated his fury and glutted his raging pride, by inhumanly dragging the dead body of the brave *Hector* at his chariot wheels round the walls of *Troy*; when he beheld the old and feeble king *Priam* proſtrate at his feet, imploring with a ſuppliant's voice, that he might be permitted to lay this the laſt of almoſt of fifty ſlaughtered ſons decently in the grave, he was touched with juſt compaſſion enough to make him condeſcend to grant the mighty boon! But *Homer* was too judicious to ſuffer even this mite of compaſſion to creep into his furious breaſt till his rage was glutted, and his whole mind filled with the thoughts of *Priam*'s miſery cauſed by his own ſuperior force of arms. I would not wiſh (as *Cordelia* ſays in king *Lear*) that *my enemy's dog that had bit me* ſhould ſuffer the miſery which is neceſſary to kindle a ſpark of compaſſion in ſuch minds: and altho' *Achilles* ſeems to have a ſtrong friendſhip for *Patroclus*, yet had *Patroclus* by any inadvertent ſtep, and without the leaſt deſign, piqued the pride of this his friend; I would not (as

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the children ſay) have been in his coat for the whole price at which I value my life itſelf.

Poets and philoſophers undoubtedly formed their images of characters from experience and obſervation on nature. From the higheſt geniuſes amongſt the poets, and the moſt penetrating judgments amongſt the philoſophers, it might, we believe, be fairly deduced, that it was their opinion that the principal bent of a man's mind, which we properly call his characteriſtic, and which neceſſarily hath an influence on all his actions, is intirely *good* or *bad*.

But to leave ſeeking teſtimony from poets or philoſophers, and to fly to a more indubitable ſanction.

God is LOVE, ſays the ſacred writings, and that the eſſence of the devil is PRIDE may fairly, and without any far-fetch'd ſtrain, be deduced from the ſame divine authority.

thority. The ſame Spirit alſo teſtifies, that we cannot ſerve God and Mammon.

Let this be but illuſtrated by ſenſible objects, and all its force will be immediately apparent: for whilſt the kings of *France* and *England* (altho' both of the ſame ſpecies) are engaged in a mutual war, would it not be the higheſt abſurdity for any ſoldier to attempt to enliſt himſelf at the ſame time into the ſervice of both? How much leſs then is it in the power of any man to enliſt himſelf at the ſame time under the banner of two beings, whoſe very natures are in eternal and diametrical oppoſition to each other!

PART

PART the FIFTH.

SCENE I.

——To ſome kind of men
Their graces ſerve them but as enemies.
—Oh what a world is this, when what is comely
Envenoms him that bears it!

AS YOU LIKE IT.

PORTIA. CYLINDA. UNA. The CRY.

PORTIA having apart related to *Cylinda* as briefly as poſſible the circumſtances of her life, which were neceſſary for her underſtanding the enſuing part, ſhe thus proceeded in her narration.

Portia.

Portia. But now we muſt change the ſcene, for *Ferdinand* is no longer in *England*. His brother *Oliver* had for a long time daily encreaſed in his murmurs, that *Ferdinand* and *Cordelia* robbed their father of his allowance; yet nothing could have leſs foundation than ſuch a ſurmiſe. The unhappy ſtraitneſs of their circumſtances ſometimes embittered the chearfulneſs which would otherwiſe have reigned in their converſation. For *Nicanor*, who had been uſed to the indulgence of all his paſſions and appetites, could not well bear the leaſt reſtraint in his pleaſures without a peeviſh moroſeneſs of temper; to prevent which the vigilant *Cordelia*, by her prudent management, often made the appearance of plenty in the houſe of Penury: ſhe denied herſelf any gratification, in order to enable her to delight and gratify her father: and as one of his chief pleaſures ſeemed to ariſe from the goodneſs of his ſon *Oliver* in making him a yearly allowance; *Cordelia*, whenever 'twas in her power, hid from her father's knowledge the extreme ſtraitneſs

neſs of their pattern, or the inſufficiency of *Oliver*'s allowance for even bare neceſſaries. This indeed ſhe was in ſome meaſure enabled to do by the aſſiſtance of a [a] friend of hers, who to the utmoſt of her ſmall abilities (which equalled not a tenth of *Oliver*'s opulence) and with a ſincere injunction of ſecrecy, ſupplied *Cordelia* with the means for their more comfortable ſubſiſtence.

Oliver ceaſed not his murmurs and reproaches againſt *Ferdinand*, nor failed to take every opportunity of venting his inward malignity, till *Nicanor*, who was too indolent to make any ſtrict examination, partly gave credit to the inſinuations of *Oliver*; and the world in general greedily ſwallowed any cenſures on a character ſo peculiarly amiable as that of *Ferdinand*.

So

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[a] Since our *Portia* will not declare the name of *Cordelia*'s generous friend, we think it incumbent on us, as writers of true hiſtory, to inform our readers that it was no other than *Portia* herſelf.

So ſubtil was the management of *Oliver*, that he could ſwell a trifle beſtowed from eaſe and plenty, into the appearance of the greateſt generoſity. *Ferdinand* could never talk the language of *giving* to his father: whilſt *Oliver* could never for one moment drop the idea of his own property, and conſequently held always ready at hand ſome contrivance to raiſe the ſame idea in the minds of others.

Ferdinand thus reproached, diſtreſſed, and calumniated, reſolved on a trial of enhancing his fortune in another climate, where he hoped at leaſt that he ſhould not be perſecuted by any human creature reſembling *Oliver*. For altho' he was poſſeſſed of as great a degree of candor as ever yet inhabited a human breaſt; yet could he not avoid ſeeing, and conſequently grieving from his ſoul, at the heavy load of the *ſiniſtra* which reigned and triumphed in his brother's boſom. He had laboured with his utmoſt abilities to open

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his brother's eyes: he had ſet before him in all the various ſhapes that ever was invented, man's true intereſt, and the only purſuit which is really worth his care. But *Oliver* reſolutely baffled all ſuch endeavours; and when he was deſired to fly the wretched ſlavery which was inflicted by harbouring the *turba* in his breaſt, he only embraced them the cloſer: and when *Ferdinand* from the ſincerity of his heart was willing to have introduced the *dextra* into his brother's boſom, and to have ſhewn him how much more ſolid happineſs it would produce, than even the ſucceſs of ten thouſand ſiniſter views; *Oliver*, inſtead of being convinced, ſtirred up the *turba* to outward rage againſt him: yet whilſt he felt their ſharpeſt ſtings within, he poſitively abjured their acquaintance.

Portia in her laſt deſcription of what paſſed in the mind of the two brothers, purpoſely uſed all the expreſſions of the *dextra*, the *ſiniſtra*, and the *turba*, in order, out of an innocent curioſity, to ſee how *Cylinda* would receive thoſe uncommon terms,

terms, as they had never been explained to her, and as 'tis very probable ſhe never heard them in that manner applied before.

Portia was not in the leaſt deceived in her expectations; for ſhe obſerved that *Cylinda* hearkened to her with a ſort of earneſt attention, as if ſhe could not at firſt quite follow her ideas; but it was not long before ſhe ſhewed by an intelligent ſmile, that *Portia*'s meaning, in her new and expreſſive words, was perfectly clear and intelligible. For *Cylinda* had too penetrating a head to want any farther explanation than the context for new terms properly applied; and too much real good-humour not to be pleaſed with any ſuch innocent exertion of the fancy.

Portia. Ferdinand had by reiterated kindneſs heaped coals of fire on his brother's head.

Great kindneſs indeed (burſt forth from the mouth of the *Cry*) could a beggar beſtow on a man who ſupported him with bread!

Portia.

Portia. Great kindneſſes are very poſſible to be beſtowed, where the power of conferring pecuniary favours are abſolutely wanting; and ſordid are thoſe minds which make Mammon ſo much their god as to worſhip no other deity. No friendly offices that were in his power did *Ferdinand* ever omit towards his brother; but the *ſiniſtra* within *Oliver*'s breaſt ſo changed their property, that inſtead of melting they rather ſerved to harden his ſtubborn heart. *Ferdinand* therefore judiciouſly reſolved, for the future part of his life, to avoid company in which he could neither give nor receive any pleaſure. He had a friend named *Sebaſtian*, whoſe firſt couſin *Alcander* was in an eminent and opulent ſtation in *Barbadoes*: this friend offered to furniſh *Ferdinand* with all neceſſaries, and to give him letters of recommendation to his couſin *Alcander*, if he would undertake ſuch a voyage in order to ſeek his fortune. This propoſal was highly agreeable to *Ferdinand*: for as he could not help knowing himſelf to be the principal object of *Oliver*'s malice (al-

tho' he could not trace all its deep workings againſt him) he rejoiced in an opportunity of removing as far as poſſible from the place, where he muſt be daily reflecting on ſo melancholy a conſideration as that of a brother's unworthineſs. The truth of which nothing but glaring inſtances could have forced into his unſuſpecting boſom, and abſence alone was capable of baniſhing it from his thoughts. But notwithſtanding all the outcries that *Oliver* thought fit to make that *Ferdinand* was a burthen to his father, and that he himſelf was the old gentleman's only ſupport; yet all theſe outcries were intended for no other purpoſe than to make *Ferdinand*, if poſſible, feel the ſharpneſs of ſuch reproaches. The removal of *Ferdinand*, therefore, muſt be the greateſt diſappointment to *Oliver*'s ſchemes; for it was not his brother's abſence, but his miſery that he ſought. That *Ferdinand* ſhould be poor was his delight, as he flattered himſelf he could by that means reduce him to dependence and ſlavery. The only happineſs *Oliver* could propoſe to himſelf in this life, was the making his brother acknowledge him

him his ſuperior. Minds directed by the *ſiniſtra*, are actuated by no other motive but that of executing ſome deſign on the objects of their envy; nor can they enjoy the leaſt pleaſure by any other method. Altho' *Oliver* in his brother's poverty and want of outward advantages, could pick up a few crumbs of comfort, yet his envy had taken deeper root. The true *ſiniſtra* ſoars above, and leaves the little miſſes the paltry vanity of envying outward ornaments. It was his honeſty of heart, his generoſity of temper, and his other amiable qualities, that rendered *Ferdinand* the fitteſt object in the world for the employment of the *turba* within the breaſt of *Oliver*. And that *Ferdinand* chanced to be his brother, was a ſtrong additional incitement to his malice; for the *ſiniſtra* is always

The nearer in blood, the nearer bloody:

and ever ſince its firſt introduction into the world, by which the innocent *Abel* fell a victim to the envy of his brother *Cain*, it

never hath ſought any other object on which to exerciſe its cruelty, but the *dextra*.

Oliver now exerted his utmoſt art to prevent *Ferdinand* from ſetting out on his intended voyage: for, beſides loſing him out of his ſight, and being therefore not able to plague and torment him, he conſidered that his brother's proſperity might poſſibly be the event of ſuch a ſtep. This muſt be a dreadful conſideration to *Oliver*; for the everlaſting motto of a mind inhabited by the *turba* is, "Evil, be thou my good." And the man who ſays, Evil, be thou my good, and, Pride, be thou my pleaſure; muſt ſay at the ſame time, Miſery, be thou my happineſs.

One of the ſtratagems *Oliver* made uſe of to deter *Ferdinand* from his purpoſe was, changing the outcry of his being a burthen to his father, into an accuſation that he cared for no one but himſelf; and from a narrow ſelfiſh deſire of removing far from the diſtreſs of his family, that he intended

tended cruelly to abandon his father in his old age, without the leaſt compaſſion or remorſe; juſt at a time too, as he farther inſinuated, when *Ferdinand* knew that he himſelf could not much longer ſupport his family: he had ſtruggled to the utmoſt, he ſaid, and had ruined himſelf to keep them all in idleneſs. This falſehood *Oliver* impudently aſſerted, altho' 'twas well known that he indulged himſelf frequently at his own chambers, or at a tavern, in the moſt voluptuous repaſts; for he was rather in his diſpoſition extravagant than covetous: but not leſs than four or five days in a week would he paſs in his father's houſe, denying himſelf the luxurious way of life he loved, and partaking of thoſe ſcanty meals which his allowance afforded to his family, rather than he would ſuffer them to enjoy themſelves from his abſence.

Melantha (altho' for different reaſons) was as earneſtly deſirous as *Oliver* himſelf to prevent *Ferdinand* from going abroad. She apprehended that my heart was too conſtantly fixed on *Ferdinand*, for her eaſily

to find any other object of my affections on whom to fix her purſuit in order to gratify her vanity, and, as ſhe ſtill hoped, to triumph over me as a rival: without ſuch a purſuit *Melantha* would think herſelf quite undone. Beſides, the mixture of her inclination for *Ferdinand* (which accompanied her vanity) intirely ſwallowed up all conſideration for his welfare; and like the famous *Ægyptian* queen ſhe would have ſaid, (had it been put to her choice) Stay here with me and die, rather than go to the enjoyment of the utmoſt worldly proſperity. Oh love! can ſuch a ſelfiſh wiſh claim thee as its author? But *Melantha* had no *Mark Antony* to deal with, and therefore dared not ſpeak out ſuch glaring fallacies. She was ſenſible that the eſteem of *Ferdinand* was not in that manner to be gained. She was forced therefore to ſubmit to the torment of ſtruggling to ſuppreſs any appearance of the natural bent of her own inclinations. Perhaps it would be difficult for the moſt artful of men and women, who invite the *turba* to their boſoms, to find

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out a more uneaſy ſituation than this, of continually ſtruggling under a heavy robe of diſguiſe. Oh Bedlam, how often could I invite thee to open all thy gates, to pour forth all thy preſent inhabitants, to enlarge thy territories, and to encompaſs all that part of mankind who ſay, "Evil, be thou "my good!"

But the ſteadineſs of *Ferdinand* baffled every inveigling attempt of *Melantha*'s, and every ſiniſter ſtratagem of *Oliver*'s. *Ferdinand* had a corner in his boſom in which he, like the reſt of mankind, accuſtomed himſelf to hide away faults and frailties: but as he could not fill it with his own, the failings of his friends filled up the vacancy. Yet would not he ſuffer his underſtanding to be ſo totally blinded as to put any truſt in *Oliver*: for by reiterated experience, the knowledge of his brother's malice was not concealed from him, and he reſolved by flight to avoid its power.

Ferdinand talked freely with me of his intentions of going abroad, and I as

freely adviſed him to perſiſt in thoſe intentions.

The *Cry* had been a long time ſilent, for they had inwardly been ſympathizing with *Oliver* and *Melantha*, and greatly approving all the ſteps taken by the *ſiniſtra* in their boſoms. But as applauſe, even of their deareſt friends, is not very apt to burſt from their lips, this their inward approbation rendered them dull and ſtupid, till an imaginary diſcovery of an opportunity for inſulting *Portia* reſtored them to their uſual pert vivacity: and with ſeveral diſtorted nods and ſneers, they all at once ſignified their contempt by uttering the words, "Oh! now our platoniſm is come again! "now we are to pretend a joy at being rid "of *Ferdinand!*"

Portia thought to herſelf that they were all a little mad by their ſtrange concluſions drawn from her laſt words: for had not the ruin of *Ferdinand* depended on his ſtay, nothing could have been ſo pleaſing to her (and that ſhe had often declared) as enjoying his company.

SCENE

SCENE II.

———*Play with your fancies.*———

SHAKESPEAR.

PORTIA. UNA. The CRY. CYLINDA.

PORTIA.

FERDINAND, as ſoon as he could poſſibly make the neceſſary preparations, ſet forth on his voyage. The morning that he departed, *Nicanor*, *Oliver*, *Cordelia*, *Melantha*, and myſelf, aſſembled all together to take our leave of him. *Nicanor* bleſſed him; but the frequent babble of *Oliver* in the old gentleman's ears, that *Ferdinand* was wanting to him in filial affection and duty, had made ſuch an impreſſion on his mind,

as damp'd that bleſſing, and render'd it cold and ſpiritleſs. *Oliver* inwardly rejoiced at it, but choſe himſelf that day to play the part of brotherly fondneſs. He was indeed inwardly vexed, not at parting with an amiable brother, but at loſing an object of his malice. His words therefore were not the words of love; they were mix'd with inſinuated reproaches againſt *Ferdinand* for his being ſo reſolute in his purpoſe: and altho' *Oliver* went ſo far as to muſter up a great quantity of tears, yet were they accompanied with too much wailing and ſelf-lamentation to flow from the only true ſource, a ſoften'd and gentle heart. *Oliver* was in truth acting a part which he was ſo very unqualified to perform, that the moſt common penetration could not well be impoſed on by ſo glaring a deception.

We once thought, ſaid the *Cry* with their uſual ſneers, that 'twas a ſign of ſimplicity to be duped! but now truly, all wiſdom conſiſts in not being impoſed on by counterfeits!

Portia.

Portia. I ſhould be very ſorry if I could not be impoſed on by a judicious actor, as that would imply a ſuſpicion of mind which I abhor: but raving and ranting, however it may on the ſtage attain a thundering acclamation from the upper gallery, will never paſs for ſoft ſenſibility of heart, except on thoſe who have never experienced what that ſenſibility really is. *Ferdinand* ſigh'd at his father's coldneſs, and plainly indicated by his looks his exceſſive wearineſs of his brother's unmeaning lamentations: for however ill calculated noiſe may be to penetrate the heart, 'tis certainly very well adapted to ſtun the ſenſes and confuſe the underſtanding.

Melantha, whoſe uppermoſt paſſion at preſent was the higheſt indignation againſt *Ferdinand*, for the double diſappointment of both her vanity and inclination, muſt have acted ſuitably to that indignation, had ſhe purſued the dictates of her own heart. She muſt have raved with paſſion, have loaded *Ferdinand* with all the bitter re-

proaches which the conjunction of two ſuch aſſociates as vanity and inclination generally produces. When thoſe were exhauſted, ſhe muſt have invoked the aid of tears to aſſiſt her in venting her rage; but ſhe forgot not her reſolution of being my ſhadow, and therefore thought that

—this eternal blazon muſt not be.

Whilſt I ſtood pale I believe with languid ſorrow, exerting my utmoſt ſtrength to ſuppreſs my heaving ſighs and riſing tears that ſtruggled for a vent, having from the fulneſs of my heart quite loſt the power of ſpeech, *Melantha* reſolved that the ſhadow ſhould exceed the ſubſtance: and becauſe I did not complain, and choſe rather to force a ſmile in order to chear the ſpirits of my poor *Cordelia*, *Melantha* put on the maſk of boiſterous mirth, and affected gaiety.

——— Alas!
This was but noiſe and tumult, 'twas not love!

Cor-

Cordelia ſtanding cloſe by my ſide, was indeed a true picture of grief unmix'd with rage, of ſorrow without repining. She felt the ſeparation from her brother, like one endued with the ſincereſt affection; but yet ſhe remembered it was her duty to keep her mind in a proper ſubmiſſion to unavoidable events.

Ferdinand took his laſt leave of us, like one who could not truſt himſelf with pronouncing the word *farewel*, leſt the very bidding adieu ſhould diſſolve his reſolution of parting with thoſe he loved: he rather flew than walk'd out of the room, and the coach which convey'd him to the water-ſide was out of ſight in a moment. *Melantha* and *Oliver* followed him to the coach ſide, one wringing his hands, and the other affecting the higheſt gaiety, whilſt neither *Cordelia* nor I ſtirred from our places. We ſtood ſome moments motionleſs; we wiſh'd for tears, but none came to our relief: at laſt *Cordelia* threw her arms about my neck: "My deareſt *Por-*

"*tia*,

" *tia*, (ſaid ſhe) let us thank God that for " the preſent at leaſt my brother is eſcaped " from the malice of *Oliver*." This thought mingled pleaſure with our grief, and at laſt our tears found a paſſage, and flow'd as due to the preſent loſs of *Ferdinand*.

The minds of *Melantha* and *Oliver* when they had loſt *Ferdinand*, were differently employ'd: the *turba* in their boſoms had loſt that outward food for their malice, the innocent *Ferdinand*; and were therefore reſolved to be revenged on thoſe who thought proper to entertain them. Indeed the minds of *Oliver* and *Melantha* might both in a metaphorical ſenſe be juſtly ſaid to be on a rack, and to ſuffer all the pains of diſlocation. This produced the common and natural effect, and they ſought relief by mutual accuſations and malignant reproaches of each other, for not preventing this their reciprocal diſappointment. " Why did not you " ſay this? and why did not you do that?" burſt with impetuoſity from either's lips: and had they not by pride, the leader of

the

the *turba*, been a little reſtrained, from the conſideration of the politeneſs which was expected in a gentleman and lady of fortune, *Billingſgate* could not have produced a more virulent altercation. Oh had they been but man and wife, and as in that caſe pride generally waves this conſideration of politeneſs, the *turba* themſelves only know how unbounded would have been their ſcurrility! Their extreme ill opinion of each other they expreſs'd only in general terms: for *Melantha* knowing in her heart the ill-will of *Oliver* to his brother, and having a ſuſpicion that he was really glad of his abſence, becauſe he was aſhamed of that poverty in him which he would not relieve, took occaſion often to declare before him, and with a pointed fierceneſs in her eyes, that *all* men without exception would let their deareſt friends, nay their brothers, go to the ends of the earth, rather than part with one mite of their own property.

The *turba* in *Oliver*'s breaſt knew the language of its kindred too well, to be at a loſs for *Melantha*'s meaning; and ſuſpecting

ing

ing in his mind that *Melantha* had encouraged the departure of *Ferdinand*, becauſe ſhe imagined him to have given me the preference, he returned her general obſervations on men by pronouncing, that *all* women would ſend their lovers to the d—l, provided they could rob their rivals of them. And now ALL women and ALL men were abuſed with ſuch vehemence, that a by-ſtander would have imagined that *Oliver* and *Melantha* were actuated by the higheſt indignation againſt their whole ſpecies. It might alſo have been ſome time before ſuch a by-ſtander would have gueſs'd that all this general abuſe was only a contrivance to vent their anger againſt each other, without calling names. For, altho' excepting the company, is a very polite invention, yet rancour will take care to ſhew itſelf by implication, whatever methods may be taken for pretending to conceal it.

The *turba* in *Melantha*'s breaſt had contrived for the preſent to lull faſt aſleep the ſoothing thought, that I as well as herſelf had loſt the ſight of *Ferdinand*: but after

ſome

ſome days of torment, they ſuffered that pleaſing reflexion to return into her mind, in order to give a ſeaſonable relief to ſuch an anxiety, as might without any interval have worn away her very life: but it was more out of policy than kindneſs, that they abated the rigour of their ſtings; for they were in truth too well pleaſed with their ſituation, to wiſh her death. They might not readily have found another boſom ſo fitted to receive them; and eaſily could my fancy form a lamentation proper for the *turba* to make, was ſuch a tragical event to happen.

The *Cry* now put on their moſt lowring looks.

Cylinda caſt an eye of chearful expectation on *Portia*, for ſuch a whimſical exerciſe of her fancy: and *Una* caſt on her ſuch a benignant look of approbation, as encouraged *Portia* to proceed in her innocent flights of a youthful imagination.

Portia.

Portia. How is my ſoul delighted, and how agreeably are my ſpirits elevated, O ever revered *Una*, at the kind liberty you give me! for where inſtead of endeavouring to amuſe and entertain, I am forced to ſuppreſs every image that ariſes in my mind, for fear of giving offence, all converſation is painful to me. Suppoſe then that *Melantha* had been overcome by the intolerable ſtruggles in her own boſom; and behold the *turba* thus grieving over her lifeleſs remains.

"Alas, is that beloved boſom cold,
"which we have received ſuch joy and
"pleaſure in tormenting! will that dear
"heart for ever ceaſe to beat! that kind,
"that indulgent heart, which never re-
"fuſed receiving any of our ſtings or ar-
"rows! which was always ready to flutter
"and ſwell as if it had been poiſoned! and
"to ſuffer the moſt agonizing perturba-
"tions only for our delight and gratifica-
"tion! Ah moſt wretched wretched we!
"ſhall we never again, our much lament-

"ed

" ed *Melantha*, work thee up to rage and
" indignation! and ſet thoſe dear eyes a
" blubbering, our ſovereign will and pleaſure
" being the only actuating motive! Shall
" we never more deceive thee, and make
" thee believe that a thouſand tragic ca-
" taſtrophes are thy unhappy lot, when
" thou haſt not one real cauſe for grief
" but our tyrannical command! Oh *Me-*
" *lantha!* thou hadſt the moſt obedient
" heart we ever inhabited. We have tried
" thee to the utmoſt, and thou haſt ſub-
" mitted to our controul with a conſtancy
" of mind almoſt incredible. Oh ſhall we
" never more behold thee rave and tear thy
" hair! nor ever again hear the delightful
" muſic of thy ſcreaming! ſhall we for
" ever loſe that moſt agreeable of all ſen-
" ſations, feeling thy heart ſwelling with
" rage and vanity! with rage and vanity
" which we prompted thee to call love,
" and which thou our moſt docile ſcholar
" didſt uſe many fallacious arguments to
" prove to be a ſincere affection!"

This

This lamentation ended, behold the *turba* howling on the ground, ſeized with the height of pity for themſelves, and wiſhing for all their friends to be partakers in their clamorous grief. But ſhould their friends arrive they will take no comfort, till ſome other woman as wiſe as *Melantha* will generouſly invite them to her boſom. For without an invitation they ſeldom pay their viſits; but being once admitted and cheriſh'd, they are never to be driven out again without the ſame aſſiſtance as was given to the man in the goſpel, from whoſe breaſt a whole legion of evil ſpirits were caſt out.

SCENE

SCENE III.

——— Vix credere poſſis
Quam ſibi non ſit amicus.——

PORTIA. CYLINDA. UNA. The CRY.

PORTIA.

BUT to leave *Melantha* and return to *Oliver*, in whoſe breaſt the *turba* were crying out,

Havock, and let ſlip the dogs of war:

bewilder'd in his own wiſdom, haunted with the idea that his beloved guides, his political

political maxims had failed him, perſecuted by the moſt poignant grief that *Ferdinand* had eſcaped his ſnares, he loſt his appetite, and ſeem'd waſting even to his marrow. Vainly did he ſeek repoſe; ſlumber forſook his eyes; (for in this ſenſe God giveth only his beloved ſleep) and he fell into a lingering diſeaſe, which tended ſtrongly to his diſſolution.

Nicanor was greatly alarmed with the fear of loſing a ſon, who had not only fix'd it in his father's mind, that he was not only a prodigy of duty and affection, but that he was the only child he had who deſerved from him any degree of love. From many things too that *Oliver* had dropp'd, *Nicanor* fear'd that his illneſs aroſe from ſome difficulties in his circumſtances, and a filial anxiety leſt he ſhould be diſabled from ſupporting his father; and this ſtill farther engaged all his paternal affection.

Melantha, who judged me by herſelf, fancied that now *Ferdinand* was gone, my eagerneſs to have a lover would make me accept

accept of *Oliver* in that light: but ſhe was in this reſolved to be before-hand with me; and in order to induce him once more to become her flatterer, ſhe in a manner became his nurſe during his illneſs: in which time his behaviour would have fill'd any mind inclined to indulge contempt with the higheſt degree of it imaginable.

Now the *Cry* all ſhook their heads, lifted up their hands and eyes, and by every method in their power expreſs'd their deteſtation of *Portia*'s ill-nature, in having a contempt for a poor ſick wretch in ſuch a miſerable ſituation. All her malicious ſtuff about the *turba*, and a parcel of unintelligible gibberiſh, which no one could underſtand, ſhould not impoſe upon them. Then being ſeized with a ſtrong fit of compaſſion, they joined in lamenting the miſery of poor *Oliver*: and after they had for ſome time ſigh'd and lifted up their eyes, in token of the higheſt pity, they renewed their rhetoric in praiſe of benevolence and good-nature; the whole purpoſe of which was viſibly aimed at the condemnation of

Portia, for her exceeding hardneſs of heart.

Portia. I ſay, the behaviour of *Oliver* would have fill'd any mind that choſe to harbour contempt, with the higheſt degree of it: yet ſo wide was ſuch a thought from my diſpoſition, that I heartily wiſh'd him to open his eyes, and to ſee his true intereſt. But the *turba* have iron claws, and it is not eaſy to make them quit their grapple. They raiſed horrors in the mind of *Oliver* by the fears of death; they terrified him with the apprehenſions of being forced to own he had any ſuch fears, and of loſing the appearance of a magnanimity which was to ſet him above the hopes of heaven, or the fears of an almighty power: they upbraided him with the eſcape of his brother, and threatened him with future tortures if he did not contrive to give them their old favourite employment, of endeavouring by injuring *Ferdinand* to inſinuate themſelves into my boſom. For the *turba* not only conſider evil

evil as their good, but of that good are very communicative.

It cannot appear ſtrange, that the uneaſineſs of *Oliver*'s mind for the loſs of his brother, on whom to wreak his malice, ſhould throw him into bodily diſorders, when 'tis ſo common for bodily diſorders to be the conſequence of the abſence of any thing in which a perſon greatly delights. But *Oliver*, having perhaps a dawn of comfort breaking in upon his mind, that his brother might fail in his expectations abroad, or that he might by ſome ſtratagem be reduced again into his power, pluck'd up at laſt ſome ſpirit; threw off in a manner his diſtemper, and reſolved not to be baffled in his plots upon *Ferdinand* by ſo obvious a meaſure as change of place. He had not yet form'd any compleat ſcheme for miſchief, but he directly bribed the poſtman to deliver no letters that came to any of his circle from *Barbadoes*, into any hands but his. In due time a letter came from *Ferdinand* to *Nicanor*; and another for *Cordelia*. Theſe *Oliver* intercepted.

They

They were wormwood to him, for they contained an account of *Ferdinand*'s health and proſperity. He ſunk the receipt of theſe letters, and for the preſent enjoy'd the gratification of ſeeing his whole family uneaſy, for not having heard from *Ferdinand*. In ſome time that uneaſineſs grew ſo high, that *Oliver* feared ſome enquiries might be made which would detect his practices. He came home therefore one day in high ſpirits, and ſaid, he had met a gentleman in the coffee-houſe, who had inform'd him that he had lately left *Ferdinand* extremely well at *Barbadoes*, and in a very proſperous way. The joy of this news, as it ſeemed not to be larded with malice, for the preſent took off our uneaſineſs; and both *Cordelia* and I made a hundred excuſes for the receiving no letter. And as *Oliver* had not yet vented one ſpiteful innuendo on his brother's not writing, we had not the leaſt clue to any ſuſpicion of his receiving letters from *Ferdinand*, and ſuppreſſing them.

The

The abſence of *Ferdinand*, made the taſk of hurting him, or hurting me through him, very difficult; therefore deep laid muſt be the wiles of *Oliver*, and ſlowly muſt they work. To prevent his brother from ſuppoſing that his letters were not received, *Oliver* anſwered them himſelf; giving ſome artful reaſon or other for his being thus deputed the general ſecretary of the family: and as he took care to inſert no bitterneſs nor gall, (his own true colours) but fill'd his letters with ſtrong expreſſions of affection, and the pleaſing account that all whom *Ferdinand* loved were well and happy, the unſuſpicious *Ferdinand* received pleaſure from the account of his friends being in health, and contented himſelf with ſubmitting to a correſpondence, which he thought was by his father's appointment and approbation.

A twelvemonth paſs'd in this manner, and nothing yet offered of any conſequence, on which *Oliver* could purſue the chief bent of his malignant mind, till an accidental

converſation of a young gentleman, who came from *Barbadoes*, help'd him to a hint, on which he form'd moſt pregnant miſchief. One day, when I was at *Nicanor*'s, a ſervant came up and ſaid there was a gentleman below who came from *Barbadoes*, and deſired admittance. He was ſoon introduced. *Oliver* then was from home, but entered *Nicanor*'s houſe in ſo ſhort a time, that the young gentleman, named *Lucio*, was ſcarcely ſeated before *Oliver* came into the room. When he heard us aſk the young gentleman how he left *Ferdinand*; *Oliver*, with the apprehenſions of what might follow, ſtarted from his chair: but to account for this ſudden motion, he ran up to *Lucio*, heartily embraced him, and begg'd pardon for ſuch his ſudden profuſion of joy, on the ſight of a perſon who could give him any information of his deareſt brother, and his beſt beloved friend. I will not dwell long on the condition which the paltry mind of *Oliver* was in through his fears: as they were ſoon removed by *Lucio*'s ſaying that he had been in *Barbadoes* but one week; and ſpending the

the laſt evening there in company with *Ferdinand*; he was deſired by him, on his return to *London*, to let his family know that he was extremely well.

We aſk'd ſeveral queſtions, but could get no ſatisfactory anſwers; for this *Lucio* was one of thoſe rattle-headed young fellows who are ſeldom ſober, and who entertain all companies with accounts of their own profligate exploits. He talk'd on in this ſtrain the whole time of his viſit; and if he was aſk'd any queſtion concerning *Ferdinand*, his anſwer was, "Never fear "him, he'll take care of himſelf; the "rogue rolls in riches; is a fellow of ſpi-"rit, and as jolly a dog as any in the "iſland." Theſe were words of courſe with *Lucio*; and the common manner of commendation uſed by ſuch characters; who, not diſtinguiſhing time or place, introduce their levity into all companies. His viſit was but ſhort, for, we got rid of him as ſoon as 'twas poſſible with any good manners. Yet from his trifling diſcourſe, and unmeaning expreſſions, did *Oliver* be-

gin to hum and ha, to ſhake his head, and to inſinuate, that if *Ferdinand* rolled in riches, it would not miſbecome him to let his family ſhare ſome part of his affluence. *Oliver* allow'd, he ſaid, that much was not to be depended upon from ſuch a young fellow as *Lucio*, who was very ſilly, and very profligate; but yet 'twas plain his brother *Ferdinand* did not diſlike ſuch company.

Nicanor ſoon caught the clue *Oliver* intended to give him; he harſhly reproved *Cordelia* for endeavouring to excuſe her abſent brother, and peeviſhly ſaid, he deſired to hear no more of ſuch a ſon as *Ferdinand*, unleſs he could hear better things of him. Beſides, the old gentleman found his love greatly increaſe towards *Oliver*, by the increaſe of the allowance he had lately received from him, it being near doubled: and what enabled *Oliver* to make this bountiful addition was, that he had more than once received large remittances from *Ferdinand*; for which, in the name of his father,

ther, he had thank'd him. But part of the money he converted to his own uſe; and with the other part he increaſed his father's income, and heighten'd the appearance of his own generoſity.

But now did *Oliver* put in practice the ſtrangeſt contrivance that ever entered into the head of an artful man. He went to make a viſit to *Sebaſtian*, by whoſe means and with whoſe recommendation *Ferdinand* went abroad. *Sebaſtian* was an honeſt friendly man, loved books and retirement, and held little converſe with the world: he was greatly afflicted with the gout, and in ſuch intervals from pain, as admitted the pleaſure of ſociety, *Oliver* uſed frequently to ſit with him, and by his converſation (which when he pleaſed could be very agreeable) had wrought himſelf greatly into his favour and confidence. *Oliver* in this viſit look'd a good deal uneaſy, often ſeem'd to begin ſome diſcourſe about his brother *Ferdinand*, and then to drop it, as if he had great matters labouring in his

mind. This at laſt raiſed the attention of *Sebaſtian*, enough to make him enquire into the cauſe of that uneaſineſs which appear'd in *Oliver:* and as it ſeem'd alſo to be ſomething concerning *Ferdinand*, whom he dearly loved; he inſiſted on an explanation of thoſe hints, which had given him great apprehenſions for his friend.

Oliver then told him, that he had indeed received a letter from his brother, which had greatly perplex'd him; that he did not love to expoſe the moſt trifling failings of his friends; but as he knew *Sebaſtian*'s love to *Ferdinand* was ſo great, that he would let the thing remain a ſecret between them, he would impart to him the contents of his brother's letter, and beg his advice how to act in ſo difficult and delicate an affair. The letter which he produced to *Sebaſtian*, was as follows.

Letter

Letter from Ferdinand *to* Oliver.

" Dear brother, &c.

" YOU know that one of my prin-
" cipal reaſons for going abroad,
" was to avoid *Portia*. I ſee her fond
" affection to me; but as my heart will
" not let me marry her (for you know
" 'tis devoted to *Melantha*) I would wil-
" lingly out of compaſſion cure her of
" this unhappy love. I beg it therefore as
" a favour, that you would vilify me to
" her, and paint me in the blackeſt colours
" you can invent, in order to root this un-
" lucky paſſion from her breaſt. I have a
" weakneſs in my heart which makes me
" wiſh, if poſſible, to decline the very ap-
" pearance of rejecting the love of a
" woman who is almoſt my averſion; and
" that muſt be the caſe on my return to
" *England*, unleſs you contrive to rid me
" of that trouble. I have duly weighed
" the method I propoſe, and I intreat you,
" as you have any friendſhip for me, to
" comply with my requeſt: I know the

" taſk is hard to your generous mind, but " the peace of your brother's future life de- " pends on your compliance.

Yours, &c. FERDINAND.

" *P. S.* On no account let my father know " of this my deſign.

Sebaſtian on reading the letter, pronounced the meaſures to be abſolutely wrong, and unfit to be comply'd with. *Oliver* anſwered, that on firſt view he alſo was ſtrongly of that opinion, and his great abhorrence of all deceit made him haſtily condemn his brother for ſuch a requeſt. But when he gave himſelf leave to reflect, he could not but acknowledge that his *dear* brother's motives to that requeſt were no other than the higheſt degree of tenderneſs, compaſſion, and generoſity. Was his *beloved Ferdinand* preſent, he would with *Sebaſtian* endeavour to perſuade him to ſome other method; but at the diſtance they now were, ſuch perſuaſion by letter was almoſt impracticable. He ſaw (he ſaid) that his brother was ſo poſitively determined

mined on the point, that no perſuaſion would turn him; this was indeed a ſmall fault in his temper, which unwillingly he revealed. All theſe things conſidered, he could not but be of opinion, that a ſtrict adherence to truth might be diſpenſed with, and that following the directions of the letter would be an honeſt fraud. To vilify his *dear* brother was (he ſaid) a ſevere taſk upon him; and nothing but his own commands could have made him undertake it: yet as he knew 'twas the only method which could cure my unhappy paſſion, pity for me and friendſhip for his brother made him conſent to undertake a work againſt his nature. In ſhort, by the words pity, friendſhip, generoſity, &c. he talked *Sebaſtian* into ſuch an opinion of his brotherly affection for *Ferdinand*, and his compaſſion for me, that he conſented to aſſiſt *Oliver*, by any means in his power, in carrying on ſo laudable a deſign.

Oliver before *Sebaſtian*'s face wrote a letter as from *Alcander* (to whoſe houſe in *Barbadoes Ferdinand* firſt went) which he

begged him to ſhew to me if I ſhould come o him on any enquiries about *Ferdinand*.

Sebaſtian once objected to this ſcheme becauſe of the grief it would give *Nicanor*, ſhould he hear from me the bad report of his ſon *Ferdinand*. To which *Oliver* anſwered, that he was poſitive my pride would be too much piqued on the diſcovery of my own weakneſs of judgment in my choice of *Ferdinand*, to ſuffer me to reveal what I had heard.

Oliver having laid his plan, began now to talk to me and *Cordelia* in many dark hints about the ſtrange life his brother lived in *Barbadoes*. And when with ſome indignation and reſentment I let him underſtand, that I was not to be moved by ſtories of *Ferdinand* which came from his enemies; he aſked me whether I thought *Sebaſtian* was an enemy to *Ferdinand*; but refuſed to explain himſelf any farther at that time. The next day beginning the ſame diſcourſe before *Melantha*, *Cordelia*, and myſelf, he ſaid, that to convince us of the

the grounds that he had for what he hinted concerning *Ferdinand*, he could produce a letter which he had copyed from one now in the poſſeſſion of *Sebaſtian*. " This letter, " (ſaid he) which out of friendſhip *Sebaſtian* " communicated to me, and begged I would " keep a ſecret from my father, will plainly " account for his never writing to any of his " friends, nor ever remitting his poor father " any money." Then taking a letter out of his pocket, a copy of that which was left in the hands of *Sebaſtian*, he read as follows.

A letter from Alcander *to* Sebaſtian.

" My dear friend,

" I Acquainted you in my laſt letter, a- " bove ten months ago, of the arrival " of the gentleman you recommended to " me; and very glad was I to give him all " the countenance you deſired : but ſurely " you was greatly miſtaken in the chara- " cter you gave me of him ; or this climate " has totally changed his diſpoſition. The " *Ferdinand* you recommended, I coun-

" tenanced ;

" tenanced; but the *Ferdinand* who is now
" the talk of the whole iſland for his pro-
" fligacy and debaucheries, I have en-
" deavoured for ſome time to avoid; and
" have indeed at laſt totally broke off
" from his acquaintance. Nor was this
" difficult, as he makes it his own choice
" to aſſociate himſelf with the moſt aban-
" doned libertines he can meet with; and
" thoſe who were not ſo before, ſoon be-
" come by his perſuaſions and example fit
" companions of his riots, &c.

Poor *Cordelia*, although ſhe believed the letter a forgery, was ſoftened into tears to hear her brother ſo vilified. *Oliver* fixed his whole attention on my countenance, which did not I believe alter in the manner he expected; for I felt not the leaſt emotion. *Ferdinand* ſtood too high in my opinion to be hurt by ſuch ſcandal. I ſaw the hand of malice in very intelligible characters, altho' I could not immediately trace from whence thoſe characters came. At laſt I declared, that ſhould letters arrive from every part of the world to the ſam

effect,

effect, they would appear to me as ſo many unintelligible cyphers; for my opinion of *Ferdinand* was too unalterably fixed for the breath or pen of ſlander to ſhake it.

Melantha, as my ſhadow, declared on my ſide of the queſtion: but as affectation, when guided by the *ſiniſtra*, if it attempts to meddle with the truth always runs into abſurdity, ſo ſhe added a declaration alſo, that was the report in this letter to be proved true, and was *Ferdinand* ſtill more changed, yet nothing ſhould alter her affection for him if ſhe had once loved. For 'twas not in the power of change to ſhake her conſtancy.

Nobly reſolved! ſaid the *Cry*, and nothing but ill-nature could tax ſo fine a ſentiment with affectation.

Portia. *Melantha* expected that I ſhould, like you, O ye *Cry*, applaud her ſentiment; for 'twas indeed founded on what ſhe had often heard me ſay of true conſtancy. But the *turba* in her mind would not ſuffer her

her to diſtinguiſh what to me is eaſily diſtinguiſhable, namely, an unſhaken fidelity, notwithſtanding the outward accidents of diſeaſes, poverty, or other misfortunes; or a ſtubborn purſuit of our own capricious inclinations, where the real foundation for eſteem is wanting. But *Melantha*, as 'tis uſual in imitation, in her eager purſuit of me, trod under foot, over-run, and mangled all my ſentiments.

Here the *Cry* all at once ſcreamed out, "Oh intolerable vanity! our ſentiments tru-"ly are ſo refined, ſo delicate, that no one "can touch them without ſullying or de-"facing their luſtre!" Then ſhrugging their ſhoulders, and ſhaking their heads, they muttered themſelves into ſilence.

Portia. I was ſo well ſatisfied as I thought of the forgery of the letter which *Oliver* read, that I determined to make a viſit to *Sebaſtian*, in order to detect ſuch barefaced malice: nor was it longer than the next day before I waited on *Sebaſtian*. After ſome apology for the intruſion, I told him

him my name and intimacy with *Cordelia*, then begged the favour of knowing whether he had lately heard any thing of her brother *Ferdinand* now at *Barbadoes*.

Sebaſtian believing that he was acting the part which *Ferdinand* deſired, and having been perſuaded by *Oliver* that he ſhould do a good-natured action, gave me the letter ſuppoſed to have come from *Alcander*: but not before he made me promiſe that I would not afflict *Nicanor* with this report of his ſon. In this letter writ in a ſtrange character, I read the ſame words which I before ſaw copyed by *Oliver*. I could not well ſuſpect *Sebaſtian* of a plot, and yet I found that I could not give credit even to my own eyes againſt the long-try'd goodneſs of *Ferdinand*.

True conſtancy this! ſaid the *Cry* with a ſneer: no obſtinacy undoubtedly in ſuch a reſolution!

Portia. When I came to reflect ſeriouſly on the affair, when I conſidered the character of

Sebaſtian, I began to think that 'twas juſt poſſible that the account might be true, from the change of climate's having turned the head of *Ferdinand* and made him mad. This thought filled my ſoul with grief and horror, and I was reſolved to be thoroughly ſatisfied of the truth. I told not *Cordelia* of my viſit to *Sebaſtian*, as 'twas ſo very unſatisfactory; but ſuffered her to go on in the ſuppoſition we had both at firſt agreed in, namely, that the letter was an impudent forgery of *Oliver*'s. I was reſolved, if poſſible, to prevent being deceived by the artful malice of *Oliver*, in my farther intended enquiry. I ſought out therefore for ſome perſon who was going to *Barbadoes*, to whom I might entruſt a letter. Such a one I found in *Adolphus*, a man of credit and reputation, who was going thither; and was to return again in a very ſhort time. I begged him to carry a letter from me to *Alcander*, and to return me an anſwer from his own hand. The purport of my letter to *Alcander* was, that I had heard a ſtrange report concerning the behaviour of *Ferdinand*, and I begged him.

him to tell me the real truth concerning him. *Adolphus* returned from *Barbadoes* in as ſhort a ſpace of time at the faireſt winds and the moſt proſperous voyage could poſſibly admit: but he muſt have cut the air quicker than thought to have anſwered my anxious expectations. As ſoon as he arrived, he delivered me a letter, aſſuring me that he himſelf received it from the hand of *Alcander*, and in which there could be no deceit, for he ſat by him whilſt it was written. Dreadful was the moment in which I burſt it open: for as I loved *Ferdinand* with a moſt fervent affection, on that inſtant depended, more than his life or his death, the confirmation of my eſteem for him, or the having that treaſure of my heart forcibly plucked up by the roots, and torn from me for ever: but what power is there in language to expreſs my ſenſations, when I read the following words!

The letter from Alcander *to* Portia.

" Madam,

" YOUR anxious enquiry concern-
" ing *Ferdinand*, makes it a grievous
" taſk to me to relate his behaviour ſince
" his arrival in *Barbadoes:* but to deceive
" you, as your heart ſeems truly intereſted
" in your enquiry, however it might for
" the preſent ſoothe your wiſhes, or relieve
" me from a painful undertaking, would
" be but real cruelty.

" The uſe he makes of the large and
" ample fortune he hath acquired, is to
" ſquander it in riot and debauchery: he
" not only gives an unbounded looſe to the
" gratification of his licentious deſires
" towards wine and women; but his very
" principles are corruption. Nothing
" ſcarcely but blaſphemy and obſcenity
" flow from his mouth. He is, in ſhort,
" a prodigy of wickedneſs and profligacy,
" and the abhorrence of all good men.
" His firſt appearance here promiſed much

" better

" better things: and the character I then
" received of him from my kinſman *Se-*
" *baſtian*, together with the account you
" gave me of his former life, there muſt
" be either a total change in his diſpoſition,
" or you were all deceived; and his whole
" former conduct was owing to a deep hy-
" pocriſy. He hath no other ſigns of
" madneſs, except (what in my opinion
" are indelible marks of it) the perpetrat-
" ing all kinds of villainy; but what is
" generally called the diſtemper of the
" brain, he is totally free from. I am ſor-
" ry it falls to my ſhare to give you this
" melancholy account, and heartily wiſh
" I could with any the leaſt degree of
" ſincerity have avoided it. I am,
" madam, *&c.*

ALCANDER.

This was indeed the unfolding of a tale that *harrowed up my ſoul*, that ſhattered to pieces every pleaſing image, and brought every cheriſhed idea to ſudden deſtruction. I ſtood motionleſs with horror; and in the vehement ſtruggles between grief and aſtoniſh-

aſtoniſhment, my darken'd mind was become the ſeat of ſorrow and confuſion. All my joy, all my tranquillity was gone, when the hateful idea forced itſelf into my mind, that my loved *Ferdinand* was falſe.

The *Cry* now wink'd and nodded on one another, and with a kind of inſulting ſneer, declared they could not imagine what *Portia* meant by uſing the expreſſion, that *Ferdinand* was *falſe*; when to the beſt of their memory, he had never declared himſelf her lover. Then without deſiring an explanation of her meaning, they arraign'd and condemn'd her of vanity and abſurdity, and executed on her the ſentence of a loud horſe laugh of inſult and contempt.

Portia. Such kind of falſehood, O ye *Cry*, as you have fix'd in your thoughts, would have been too trifling to have been mention'd by me, in compariſon of the falſehood *Ferdinand* now appeared to be guilty of. He had been falſe to himſelf, he had transform'd that innocent boſom, which

which before it was my delight to contemplate, into a ſeat for the *turba* to rage in and inhabit. He had torn from me the greateſt treaſure of my heart, the only pleaſing purſuit of my life; namely, an object on which I could juſtifiably, and with my own approbation, energize all my affections. He had overturn'd and deſtroy'd my power of ever again enjoying the pleaſure of placing an unlimited confidence in any of my fellow-creatures; he had (as *Shakeſpear* terms it)

——— *with jealouſy infected*
The ſweetneſs of affiance, ———

and in its ſtead introduced into my mind anxious doubts and gloomy ſuſpicions; he had envenom'd all the ſources of my boſom, from whence generous pleaſure ever flow'd; and firmly proved, that in my future life I had no refuge left, but in total ſolitude. My whole miſery or happineſs was ſo entirely dependent on the truth or falſehood of this change in *Ferdinand*, that my wandering thoughts preſented me with

ſuch

ſuch numerous queſtions to propoſe to *Adolphus*, that they crowded in confuſion on each other; and, without pauſing for an anſwer to every ſeparate queſtion, I haſtily aſked him, whether he himſelf had ſeen *Ferdinand?* what character *Alcander* bore in the iſland? if that of an honeſt man, why he would converſe with ſo infamous a wretch as ——? I could not utter the word *Ferdinand*; but there broke off my enquiries; and hung with impatience on the reply of *Adolphus*, hoping every moment to diſcover ſome fallacy in his deteſted account. *Adolphus* anſwered, that he had both ſeen and converſed with *Ferdinand*, and that the deſcription *Alcander* in his letter had given of the profligacy of his behaviour, fell far ſhort of the real truth. The character of *Alcander*, he ſaid, was unexceptionable, whilſt *Ferdinand* had deſervedly made himſelf the public contempt, and the abhorrence of all the honeſt men in the iſland. That *Alcander* at firſt did honour to *Sebaſtian*'s recommendation; but was now endeavouring, as faſt as poſſible,

poſſible, to ſhake off ſo unworthy an acquaintance.

It would be endleſs to recount the various evaſions and ſubterfuges to which my mind was tempeſtuouſly driven, to avoid yielding to a belief ſo abſolutely deſtructive of every ſcheme of happineſs it had ever form'd. At laſt a thought ſtruck me, by which I hoped at once to prove the ſtory too inconſiſtent to gain credit.

"*Alcander* in his letter mentions *Ferdi-*
"*nand*'s having acquired an ample for-
"tune: How, ſir, (ſaid I to *Adolphus*) is it
"poſſible for ſuch a behaviour as you re-
"preſent to have gained any riches? the
"ſtory is fallacious and incongruous. Poor
"*Ferdinand*, wretched man, ſeems by his
"conduct, to have calculated rather how
"to have waſted, than to have attain'd a
"large fortune!"

Adolphus earneſtly intreated me to ceaſe my enquiries; aſſuring me, that by a farther indulgence of my curioſity, I ſhould only

only pull heaps of ſorrow on my own head.

This more alarmed my whole ſoul, and inſtead of appeaſing, heighten'd all my curioſity. I begg'd to know the worſt, for nothing could add to the pain I at preſent ſuffered from ſuſpence.

"*Ferdinand* (ſays *Adolphus*) you know "hath a very agreeable perſon, and amia- "ble addreſs. [*I ſigh'd from the very bottom of my ſoul, made no anſwer, but the gentleman proceeded.*] Theſe gifts "of nature he converted to the wicked "purpoſe of enſnaring the heart of a young "and beautiful creature, whoſe father was "juſt dead, and had left her miſtreſs of a "very large plantation. Her beauty be- "came the object of his deſire, and he "took the advantage of her affection "for him to gratify his inclinations. "Then he inveigled away her whole pro- "perty, now ranges through the iſland in "ſearch of other women, and hath aban- "don'd this poor helpleſs victim of his

"love

" love to penury and ſelf-reproach. Her " relations and friends load her with their re- " proaches alſo, and treat her with contempt " and neglect. Her conſcience accuſes her, " for being caught in the ſnare of her own " affections: her beauty is wither'd in its " bloom, and ſhe is the moſt pitiable mo- " nument that eyes ever beheld, of the " height of wanton barbarity to which " the cruel *Ferdinand* is arrived."

The force of this deformed and horrid picture baffled all my ſtrength, conquered all my reſolution, debilitated every faculty of my mind, rouſed all my paſſions into a tumultuous uproar, and in the rending agonies of my heart I cry'd out: " The ſtory, ſir, is all an invention;—'tis " a forged tale of falſhood: the man is not " my friend, who can thus wanton in ſuch " a cruel miſrepreſentation." Nor did I forbear accuſing *Adolphus* with taking a malicious pleaſure in my torments.

At theſe words *Una* ſigh'd, and with a compaſſionate ſorrow in her countenance,

removed herſelf at a greater diſtance from *Portia*; whilſt the *Cry* began to dance and caper, and by various geſtures to intimate their joy at the hope of an approaching diſcovery, that *Portia* was one of their own ſociety.

Portia. My agonizing torment was beyond expreſſion. I at that moment felt ſtrangers in my breaſt, diſtracting and tearing me aſunder; and I begg'd *Adolphus* to leave me to the horror of my own reflexions.

And now with triumphant voices the *Cry* broke forth into a loud huzza; declaring, that they were not ignorant who theſe ſtrangers were, that had enter'd *Portia*'s breaſt. The *turba* cry'd, they are come a viſiting: now where is all our *dextra* fled? who is now directed by the *ſiniſtra?* For; as ſoon as the *Cry* found that they could apply *Portia*'s own words to her diſadvantage, they forgot their own deciſion of them to be unintelligible gibberiſh, and ſhew'd all at once how capable they were

were of applying them properly, whenever they ſerved their own purpoſes, and when the making uſe of them ſuited their own inclinations.

Portia. Moſt rightly have ye judged, O ye *Cry*; for the *turba*, ever watchful for an opportunity to inveſt the human mind, no ſooner diſcovered an unguarded moment, than, like a neſt of hornets arm'd with all their ſtings, they enter'd my once peaceful boſom.

This confeſſion of *Portia*'s ſomewhat abated the exultation of the *Cry*; for to have given them full ſatisfaction, ſhe ſhould obſtinately have denied their charge againſt her; and whilſt ſhe had ſwell'd with rage and reſentment at their diſcovery, ſhould have averr'd that her mind was perfectly calm and unruffled.

Portia. My peace and ſweet ſerenity were fled: dark ſuſpicion and rageful anger ſucceeded. I grew ſtill more unreaſonable; and forgetting that *Adolphus*'s

trouble had been taken wholly from a friendly deſire of complying with my requeſt, I ungratefully condemn'd him in my mind of an officious deſire of prying into a private character, in order to gratify the ſpirit of detraction. Whilſt the labour of my ſoul was bent on juſtifying *Ferdinand*, and believing him innocent, I would not ſo much as bend my eyes towards the heart-breaking proofs of his guilt, but ſearched heaven and earth for a pretence to preſerve his image untainted with guilt next my heart; where it was ſo deeply rooted, that plucking it from thence was rending my heart aſunder. During this painful ſtruggle in my mind, my enemies could not have condemned me with more rigour than I condemned myſelf.

Here the *Cry* loſt another ſmall degree of their tranſport: for they fear'd *Portia* was again ſtealing off from their ſociety.

Portia.

Portia. Although by the painful ſenſations I endured I plainly perceived the *turba* in my boſom, yet did I by no means cheriſh them, but try'd every method in my power to throw them off. I begg'd the grace of God to remove this torment from my breaſt.

Here the *Cry* gave a play-houſe groan; and *Una* caſt on *Portia* an eye of complacency.

Portia. My anger ſubſided: I ſtood ſelf-condemned: remorſe ſucceeded, and ſoften'd ſorrow found a vent at my flowing eyes. I ſought *Adolphus*, I implored his pardon, and was again myſelf. For it was not the humbling myſelf, and acknowledging my folly, but the remembrance of having baſely treated him ſo ungratefully, that was my merited mortification and my ſhame.

And now there was not one ſpark of exu'ting joy remaining in the *Cry*. All their

pleaſure at the hope that *Portia* would be totally conquer'd by ſuch a temptation, vaniſh'd: for if the *turba* was unable to fix in her boſom, on this trying occaſion, they could not flatter themſelves that it could ever gain ſuch anothe: opportunity. Being forced therefore to ſuffer *Portia* to ſlide from their gripe, they without the leaſt ſhame or confuſion, fell into their old employment of abuſing her with great virulence, for having amuſed them with a parcel of nonſenſe, which 'twas impoſſible for any one to underſtand.

Portia. Altho' all raging and tumultuous paſſions were now driven from my boſom, yet a deep-felt grief remain'd. For *Adolphus* in the moſt ſolemn manner confirm'd the truth of all he had utter'd. There was not the leaſt reaſon, from his character, to ſuſpect him of baſeneſs or forgery; nor was *Oliver* ſo much as perſonally known to him, ſo that 'twas impoſſible he could be an inſtrument of his malice. I was forced therefore to give an unlimited credit to his words, by which all the little treaſure I had

hoarded

hoarded and cheriſh'd in my heart, from the pleaſing reflexion on the merit of *Ferdinand*, was in a moment forcibly rent away. A treaſure which I had ſurveyed and reflected on with a higher degree of delight, than ever the miſer enjoyed from viewing and counting his amaſs'd heaps of wealth. The death of *Ferdinand* would have been trifling in the compariſon. By ſuch an event my own loſs was the utmoſt I could have lamented; but by ſuch a life as he now lived, I deplored his loſs of himſelf. He was dead to all goodneſs, and conſequently to every degree of happineſs. His mind was wreſted into the *ſiniſtra*, his boſom was become the habitation of the *turba*; and from the inſupportable torment I had lately undergone by the ſharpneſs of their ſtings, I could not reſiſt the impulſe of compaſſion for my once-loved *Ferdinand*. Now indeed I had reaſon to be thankful, that from my infancy I had been taught to keep a ſtrong rein over my paſſions, and that my principles had led me, by conſtant habit, to render thoſe inſtructions practicable: for to loſe *Ferdinand*, and to

loſe him in ſuch a manner, required all my reſolution to ſupport with any degree of patience.

Now did the *Cry* begin again to wink and nod; and a general titter of contempt was heard amongſt them, on the impropriety (as they deem'd it) of *Portia*'s ſaying ſhe had loſt *Ferdinand*; when to their certain knowledge ſhe had never found him. The liberality of *Portia*'s mind, in thinking that *Ferdinand* could not be loſt to her, whilſt he was true to himſelf, ſoar'd far out of their comprehenſion. The *Cry* alſo were ſtrongly tempted to fall on *Portia* on the old ſcore of partiality, ſince *Ferdinand* was at preſent ſo apparently condemn'd; but fearing a rebuke from *Una*, they were reſolved to be ſure of their game before with a full-mouth'd yelp they would endeavour to run her down.

Portia. I was hurt to my very ſoul by the conſideration of the miſery of the poor young creature, who was languiſhing away her days in wretchedneſs and want, whilſt *Ferdinand*

Ferdinand was the willing and treacherous cauſe of her misfortunes. Small as my fortune was, I could not eat the plaineſt meal in quiet, till I had endeavoured a little to mitigate what was not in my power to remove. I aſked *Adolphus* if he could by any means privately convey a bill for money to the unhappy planter's daughter, whoſe miſery he had ſo pathetically deſcribed. He reply'd, that he could do it with great eaſe, and, if I deſired it, with great ſecrecy. I then gave him a bank note of an hundred pounds, and begg'd him to convey it to her hands with as much ſpeed as poſſible. The office was agreeable to his friendly diſpoſition, and he undertook it with great chearfulneſs.

Now a *Fribble* amongſt the *Cry* roſe up, and, playing with his fingers, adjuſting his dreſs, turning his eyes over himſelf, ſolemnly declared, that he was poſitive *Portia* had told a *fib*, for it was his *ſerous* opinion that ſo generous an action was not in *hoomae nater*. On this there aroſe amongſt the *Cry* a kind of clamor, which is often

dignify'd with the name of argument. The ſubject which they at preſent choſe to make a matter of debate, was the capacities and diſpoſitions of women: how far their underſtandings could reach, and to what limits they were bounded: whether women were generally cold or amorous, proud or humble, ſordid or generous: with many more queſtions of diſpute, not worth relating: which clamor or argument experienced the accuſtomary fate, was maintained with noiſy vociferation, and ended in an undecided unintelligible confuſion.

Portia. Could I, without appearing to act an unaccountable, and indeed an unkind part towards my *Cordelia*, I would willingly have ſtolen away to ſome remote place by myſelf; as ſolitude, I began to think, was the beſt choice I could poſſibly make. For *if Ferdinand*—'tis amazing how many evaſions I found out yet to cheriſh and nouriſh that word IF—I would not have parted wholly with that little word IF for all the oratory in the world: for notwithſtanding the almoſt undeniable evidence I had heard

heard of *Ferdinand*'s behaviour, yet nothing leſs than the teſtimony of my own ſenſes could have the force totally to tear this comfortable IF from my imagination.

Well done, obſtinacy! ſaid the *Cry*.

Portia. Altho' I concealed from *Cordelia* my having ſeen the letter from *Alcander* that was in the poſſeſſion of *Sebaſtian*, and which we both at firſt believed to be the forgery of *Oliver*; yet ſuch convincing proofs of the wretched change of *Ferdinand* had appeared both to my eyes and ears from the return of *Adolphus*, that my uneaſineſs became too great to be any longer ſuppreſs'd: and my *Cordelia* would not ſuffer me to elude her enquiries, till ſhe had drawn from me the knowledge of my intelligence from *Adolphus*. But little did I find that participation leſſen'd grief; for we were both too much affected with the unpleaſing account, to enjoy thoſe ſweet converſations which we innocently uſed to partake when *Ferdinand*, the brother and the friend, was the delightful theme. Yet this ſubject

(changed

(changed as it was to diſcord) was ſo much uppermoſt in our minds, that no other could ſcarcely ever find a paſſage to our lips: but as this was as much as poſſible ſuppreſs'd, each kindly fearing to afflict her friend, we appeared little other than as two gliding ghoſts.

Oliver ſeemed inwardly to triumph in beholding our dejection; yet as his ſpleen was fully gratified, he ceaſed throwing out any more invectives againſt his brother. This was to me another ſad proof of the truth of *Alcander*'s horrid account; for I imagined that nothing but the knowledge of ſuch a change in *Ferdinand* could have abated the envy, and conſequently the malice, of *Oliver* towards him.

Melantha, from the real pleaſure ſhe took in ſeeing me grieved, could not well put in practice the being my ſhadow in that point. She knew not the cauſe of that grief to be more than from the firſt letter which we all heard read by *Oliver*: but truſting for once to her own judgment,

and

and thinking to outſhine me, inſtead of ſervily following my ſteps, ſhe affected an unuſual gaiety, and frequently wiſhed for the return of *Ferdinand*, in order to exemplify that boaſted conſtancy, which no change was to ſhake or alter.

Melantha ſoon enjoyed her wiſh, for it was not long before *Ferdinand* arrived in *London*.

And now the *Cry* were ſeized with a ſudden fit of laughter, and were in the higheſt rapture, at enjoying a fancied ridicule on *Portia*. They aſked her various rude queſtions, which they were pleaſed to think imply'd much humour; and loſt all their good manners, whilſt they imagined they preſerved their good breeding. Pray how did *Ferdinand* come? did he ſwim acroſs the ocean? had he wings to fly like a bird through the air? or, did he ride on the ſtrength of your own imagination?—For they ſuppoſed that ſhe was again indulging her whims, and growing wild with her own fancies.

Por-

Portia. Since I relate not impoſſibilities, I beg permiſſion to ſay at once *Ferdinand* was arrived, inſtead of entering into a minute detail of every circumſtance of his voyage; ſuch as where he went aboard, the name of the veſſel, and that of the maſter, with all the various changes of the weather; what capes they doubled, what harbours they touched at, with many other particulars, troubleſome to the relater, and tireſome to the hearer; all which unintereſting circumſtances convey no other knowledge but that there are ſhips, men, ſtorms, calms, capes, harbours, &c. and the inſiſting on a minute rehearſal of ſuch particulars not neceſſary to a ſtory, to me ſavours more of a too rigid criticiſm, than of the candor of an attentive hearer.

The *Cry* had enjoy'd their joke, nor ſo much as hearken'd to *Portia*'s anſwer, but ſuffered her to proceed with her ſtory.

Portia. The day that *Ferdinand* arriv'd at his father's houſe, it happened (a thing very

very unuſual with me) that I had not paſs'd any part of it with *Cordelia*. The next morning early ſhe came to my bed-ſide, and with a mingled joy and ſorrow in her countenance, informed me of the arrival of her brother from *Barbadoes*. My earneſt look ſeemed to imply a queſtion, which ſhe anſwered only by an averted eye and falling tear. We entered not therefore further on the ſubject, and, reſolving to truſt to the evidence of my own ſenſes only, I as uſual join'd myſelf as one of *Nicanor*'s family at dinner.

On the firſt ſight of *Ferdinand*, how was my whole ſoul alarmed with various ſenſations! I thought that I perceived an honeſt joy ſparkle from his eyes on my giving him a welcome, which I confeſs fell with a doubtful faltering accent from my tongue; but this pleaſing imagination laſted not long, for he anſwered me with a formal compliment and ſtrain'd civility. With a ſwiftneſs like lightning, I traverſed back in my thoughts every paſt ſcene of pleaſure in his converſation, which uſed to glad-

gladden all around him; but, inſtead of innocent pleaſantry and that warmth of heart which uſed to expreſs itſelf in the ſimple terms of true affection, his diſcourſe conſiſted of labour'd accounts of the manners and cuſtoms of foreign nations, and forced ceremonial compliments to his family. There was no agreeable interchange of diſcourſe amongſt us, for grief and aſtoniſhment, which had tied the tongues of *Cordelia* and myſelf, made us appear to *Ferdinand* as much alter'd as he himſelf was in our eyes. Every feature of his face ſeem'd to me to have undergone a total change; all the harmony of his countenance was ruffled into a guilty confuſion, and his eyes appeared to glare with wild deſire. I dared not look on *Cordelia*, for in her face I knew I ſhould behold, to me a moſt painful ſight, the deepeſt ſorrow. *Oliver* ſeemed almoſt as much changed as *Ferdinand*; the *finiſtra* diſappeared, his hatred to his brother ſeemed vaniſh'd, and he failed not to beſtow on him all that faint ſhadow of love which he poſſeſſed.

The

The ſcene was quite reverſed, *Ferdinand* was turned into a common flatterer. The fulſome language which you, O ye *Cry*, call love, addreſs'd to me, fell from his tongue; and altho' the trueſt reſerve of my conduct at that time ſomewhat diſconcerted him, yet the innocence of his behaviour was gone, and he ſeemed deſirous of taking every opportunity to treat me with a freedom which he had ever before kindly and aſſiduouſly avoided.

On this viſible preference of me, the *turba* in the breaſt of *Melantha* gave her no reſpite, but threw her into ſuch inward convulſions as almoſt deſtroyed her. The alteration in *Ferdinand* (to me ſo ſhocking) increaſed her paſſion for him; and his beſtowing all his flattery on me, piqued her pride, and almoſt diſtracted her with envy. Oh could ſhe have ſeen the inmoſt thoughts of my heart, how much rather would ſhe have perceived me the fit object of her compaſſion! That *Ferdinand* ſhould like me beſt, would at any time have been wormwood to *Melantha*'s peace, even when ſhe purſued him

him only for the eligible gratification of being my rival. But he was at preſent became her real inclination, and ſhe took delight in his converſation. The minds of *Ferdinand* and *Melantha* formerly were ſtrangers to each other, but now they might be ſaid to become firſt acquainted; yet he diſregarded all her advances, and perſecuted me with his addreſſes. As *Oliver* alſo had at this time no end to anſwer in flattering her, ſhe felt what was to her the higheſt of all miſery, the being totally diſregarded, and the not being able to perſuade herſelf that ſhe had one lover in the world: but the *turba*, for fear of her dying, and eſcaping their clutches, granted her ſome ſmall degrees of comfort by pointing out to her, that from my ſo aſſiduouſly ſhunning *Ferdinand*, there was no danger of my being his wife. Such apprehenſions would indeed have been needleſs, for of all mankind *Ferdinand* was now become the laſt man whom I ſhould have choſen to have called by the name of huſband. A woman may reaſonably perhaps hope to reclaim a man naturally wild, and thoughtleſsly

leſsly vicious; but the man who hath once taſted the pleaſure of poſſeſſing thoſe two conſtant companions, wiſdom and happineſs, and yet can make choice of folly and miſery, who can wilfully, and with his eyes open, ſhut out the *dextra*, and embrace the *ſiniſtra*, is loſt to every glimpſe of hope; and wretched muſt be the woman who truſts him with power.

I avoided as much as poſſible the being ever alone with *Ferdinand*: for; his behaviour was now ſo totally changed, that I was afraid he was grown even capable of affronting me by endeavouring to gratify his licentious deſires; and he as induſtriouſly ſought opportunities of finding me alone, as I did to ſhun ſo diſagreeable an interview. At laſt he ſent me a letter, begging an hour's converſation with me alone; and aſſuring me that his intentions were perfectly honourable. But as a true picture of the paltry thoughts which could now inhabit his boſom, I will repeat to you the very words of his odious letter.

" Dear

" Dear creature,

" WHY ſhould you ſo aſſiduouſly
" ſhun a man who languiſhes and
" dies but for an opportunity of offering
" at your feet his life and ample fortune?
" Why, blind to your own commanding
" charms, ſhould you ſeem fearfully to
" doubt their power of awing into due
" diſtance and reſpect, your ardent lover?
" Believe me, madam, my deſigns are
" perfectly honourable; and I flatter my-
" ſelf, that my propoſals will be worthy
" your acceptance, as I am now able to
" ſupport you in affluence and ſplendor.
" I beg only an opportunity of declaring
" to you in perſon, how much I am
" your devoted and
" adoring humble ſervant
" FERDINAND."

The *Cry* now expreſs'd their higheſt aſtoniſhment and admiration at *Portia*, for finding fault with ſuch a letter. They declared they ſaw nothing but what was perfectly polite in his addreſs; and ſince he de-

declared his intentions honourable, they wondered what *Portia* would have had.

Portia. I would have had *Ferdinand* ſuch as he appeared when firſt I cheriſhed his image as the higheſt treaſure of my heart: when in my own imagination, I beheld his mind the ſeat of chearful innocence, actuated by every chriſtian principle, and endeavouring to practiſe every chriſtian virtue: reſolutely holding faſt the *dextra*, and barring the leaſt entrance of the *ſiniſtra*: when in thinking of him as my huſband, it would have been my greateſt pleaſure to obey him, and my duty and inclination would have been ſo ſtrongly connected, that they muſt have been inſeparable. But now his declaration that his intentions were honourable, had very little chance of prevailing with me to grant him a private interview: for what he called *honourable*, was become my higheſt averſion; and if my perſonal inclination for him had been really unconquerable, I would rather have conſented to have lived with him as his miſtreſs than his wife.

The *Cry* now in their own imaginations caſt *Portia* on the ground beneath their feet, ſtretch'd up their necks to their utmoſt height, in token of ſelf-approbation, and caſting their eyes down from this their elevation, audibly pronounced the word wh—re, and declared that they ſhould think themſelves eternally diſgraced were they to be ſeen in polite aſſemblies in company with ſuch a *creature*.

Portia. *Ferdinand* had put it out of my power to become his lawful, his faithful wife; for whilſt I inwardly harboured an ill opinion of him, how could I honour, how could I reſpect him! 'Tis true he had left me the power of giving him my hand, but he had cruelly robb'd me of the power of beſtowing on him my heart. Whilſt he was acting thus prepoſterouſly, I knew too much of the human mind to attempt expoſtulating with him on his change; I gave therefore the moſt poſitive refuſal to granting him a private interview, and in ſuch terms as plainly ſhew'd that no propoſal

poſal he could now make would be accepted by me. What cruel ſenſations did my heart in that moment ſuffer! to be forced by his own change on the refuſal of *Ferdinand*, was like the being forced to ſhun the ghoſt of a long-loved huſband, whoſe death had been deeply deplored.

The *Cry*, notwithſtanding all *Portia* had juſt ſaid, ſeemed ſtill in great perplexity; for they could not help imagining that inſtead of her being in any diſtreſs, ſhe had now cauſe for the higheſt joy.—If ſhe had an inclination to marry *Ferdinand*, it was at her own option. If ſuch marriage was not her choice, ſhe had now an opportunity of inſulting and triumphing over her rival *Melantha*, by refuſing the man who was become her real inclination. For the power of refuſing a lover ſtruck the *Cry* with a much ſtronger image of delight, even than becoming a wife, eſpecially as *Portia* had (in their opinion) ſo abjectly painted that ſtation. That *Melantha* had at this time cauſe to grieve, they eaſily comprehended; but that *Portia* under the exultation

exultation of refuſing an offer of marriage ſhould talk of cruel ſenſations, was not within the bounds of credibility. They ſtarted the hare therefore of a favourite diſcovery, and again declared that *Portia* was mad. So-ho was the word, and joyful acclamations ſucceeded. This is one of the nobleſt privileges of the *Cry:* they fill Bedlam in imagination with the perſons of others, inſtead of taking up all the apartments for themſelves, which would be much more proper, as it is their own true and natural home.

Portia. *Ferdinand* finding me unmoved to grant him an interview, changed his behaviour into the utmoſt neglect, and beſtowed all his flattering language on *Melantha.* She exulted in the raptures of her heart, and I lamented in the agonies of mine.

Now the *Cry*, all big with expectation, ſtretched their ears wide open, fancying they ſhould ſuck in the pleaſing ſound that *Portia* was conquered by a jealous fear, leſt

Melantha

Melantha rob her of *Ferdinand*: nay they flattered themſelves that the *turba* muſt now fix in her boſom, and drive her to any meanneſs rather than ſuffer her rival to enjoy ſuch a triumph.

Portia. That I lamented is certain—but it was not becauſe I feared *Melantha* ſhould become the wife of *Ferdinand*, but becauſe the opinion that ſhe was the fitteſt wife for him had forcibly taken poſſeſſion of my mind.

The *Cry*, all baulked and diſappointed, ſhut up their ears, returned to their accuſtomed ſneers, and without any ſhame, or (as they thought) any impeachment of their civility, boldly gave *Portia* the lye; covered up indeed under a general reflexion: for they aſſerted that *all* women are piqued by the preference of a rival, and that *no* woman was ever free from jealouſy.

Portia. Melantha ſeeing me grieved, gave the ſame turn to it; and hoped my affliction aroſe from the ſame cauſe, which

you, O ye *Cry*, endeavour to impoſe upon your belief.

And we do not only believe it, replied the *Cry*, but know it for certain; neither ſhall any cunning evaſions conceal the truth of it from our view.

Portia. Melantha on this thought enjoyed ſuch a triumph in her mind, as no words can expreſs. Yet this triumph ſhe choſe to dreſs in the higheſt of all inſolence; namely, a pretended pity: and whilſt ſhe knew the failure of my uſual chearfulneſs and vivacity, had no other ſource but the deep affliction of my heart; ſhe was continually expreſſing her fears that I was not well, perſecuted me with advice how to preſerve my health, wanting to debar me from every little indulgence, under the pretence that it might be hurtful to one in my weak ſtate of body, and this with her eyes wide open, and well knowing that I had no bodily diſeaſe whatever. Sometimes ſhe would go ſo far as to ſay,

ſhe

ſhe feared I was in love; and, as ſhe now imagined that ſhe ſhould certainly ſucceed with *Ferdinand*, and doubted not but ſhe ſhould ſoon induce him to turn his common gallant flattery to her into a ſerious declaration of love, there was no longer any neceſſity of her imitation of me: ſhe fell therefore into her own natural way of talking; ſhe declared that for her part ſhe could not feel the torment of being unſucceſsful in love, becauſe ſhe could never beſtow her heart till ſhe had been *perſuaded to love*, and then ſhe need not fear, ſhe ſaid, meeting with a return of her generous affection.

The *Cry* could not help in imagination enjoying with *Melantha* this triumph over *Portia*; and laughed and chuckled from every corner.

Portia. But this triumph of *Melantha* was all imaginary; for it did not in the leaſt affect my mind, or obtain over it one degree of the influence ſhe deſired. I was really glad to be in a manner relieved from

being haunted bythe ghoſt of my beloved *Ferdinand.* It was the loſs of that *Ferdinand* which I lamented, whilſt the eſcaping the perſecutions of the *Ferdinand* beſt ſuited to *Melantha*'s taſte, and fitteſt to be her huſband, afforded me ſome ſmall degree of comfort. Yet diſappointed of my only proſpect of enjoying any worldly happineſs, ſeeing daily before my eyes the only ſcene that had ever given me any pleaſure totally reverſed, I took a fixed reſolution of returning into the country. I had naturally a love of reading, and time could never be a burthen to me whilſt I was at liberty to employ it as I pleaſed for my own amuſement. I now began therefore to think of retirement from the world; and the utmoſt ſolitude was my only reſource. Every glimpſe of hope was utterly baniſhed: I had no refuge to fly to againſt the evidence of my own ſenſes. All thoſe circumſtances in which I ſtill hoped to find ſome miſtake or fallacy, were confirmed under the hand-writing of *Ferdinand*, and alſo by his own behaviour: nor had I the

the leaſt doubt but that he was changed into one of the moſt worthleſs of mankind.

The moſt cunning part of the *Cry* had for a long time purpoſely waited to ſee whether any circumſtance would turn out to excuſe *Ferdinand*, and to confirm the account which *Portia* had given of *Oliver*'s under-hand tranſactions. But it plainly appeared at preſent, that ſuch her relation of *Oliver*'s forgery and contrivance was a meer ſurmiſe between her and *Cordelia*: and as they had heard her repeatedly confeſs, that ſhe herſelf was out of all doubt of the change of *Ferdinand*, and of his being as ſhe laſt ſaid the moſt worthleſs of mankind; they were actuated with the utmoſt vehemence, who amongſt them ſhould be the firſt ſpeaker in proclaiming their own great ſagacity in that important diſcovery which they were repeatedly ready to utter, namely, that *Portia* had ſhewn not only the higheſt degree of partiality towards *Ferdinand*, but the moſt inveterate prejudice againſt *Oliver*. They now added the heavy charge of her having falſly

charged *Oliver* with forging lies againſt his brother, and that what ſhe had termed calumny was (as ſhe was now convinced) only the plain truth. They declared that *Portia*'s cunning evaſions to diſguiſe her partiality and prejudice ſhould no longer paſs unreproved; and they boldly appealed to *Una* whether they had made a wrong judgment, in their diſcovery that *Portia* had been for a long time amuſing them with nothing but falſehoods and partial miſrepreſentations.

It may appear perhaps a little ſtrange that the *Cry* ſhould venture to make an appeal againſt *Portia* to *Una*: but the truth of that part of their charge which accuſed her of wilfully throwing on *Oliver* a forgery in which he had no hand, appeared ſo ſtrong at preſent, that they doubted not but they ſhould have the triumph of a ſentence againſt her, even from the deciſion of *Una*.

The countenance of *Una* was overſpread with a languid and benign ſorrow. It was her

her pleaſure to cheriſh whatever eſteem ſhe had once on a reaſonable foundation admitted. Yet the diſcovery of *Portia*'s prejudice and partiality bore ſo much the appearance of truth, that altho' ſhe was diſpleaſed with the *Cry*'s boiſterous behaviour, yet ſhe confeſſed they had great reaſon for the judgment they had formed; but added, that common candor demanded that *Portia* ſhould be heard to the end of her ſtory, before they attempted to ſettle any final determination.

Una's kindneſs ſunk deeply into the heart of *Portia*, and ſhe would have poured forth her thanks in terms moſt adequate to expreſs her gratitude, had there appeared the leaſt probability of her being heard. But the *Cry* being enraptured with *Una*'s deciſion that they had great reaſon for the judgment they had formed, cloſed their ears to the latter part of her ſentence, which pronounced that ſhe ought to be heard to the end of her ſtory before a final determination; and burſting forth into a general exclamation of joy, they clapp'd

their hands, threw up their caps, huzza was again the word, and loud was their triumphal ſhout of victory. The inexorable *Achilles* could not drag the dead body of the gallant *Hector* at his chariot wheels round the walls of *Troy* with more overbearing inſolence, than they exerted towards the apparently conquered *Portia*. But when they had vented all their ſtock of barefaced inſolence, they choſe, by way of vanity, to clothe their contempt in the borrowed veil of pity. They ſigh'd, ſhook their heads, cryed out, Poor *Portia!* 'tis pitiful! 'tis wondrous pitiful! but 'tis the frailty of the ſex to be overcome by violent paſſions, and to make an angel of a fiend! *Portia* indeed is but young —— her youth muſt plead her excuſe. —— Then burſting into a loud fit of laughter, they for the preſent concluded their malicious inſults, and a ſilence enſued in which *Portia* proceeded in her relation.

SCENE

SCENE IV.

O friendſhip, of all things the moſt rare! and therefore moſt rare becauſe moſt excellent! whoſe comforts in miſery are always ſweet; and whoſe counſels in proſperity are ever fortunate.!

Old Play.

PORTIA. CYLINDA. UNA. The CRY.

PORTIA.

HAVING fixed in my mind the reſolution of retiring into the country, the only reaſon could poſſibly have ſtaggered that reſolution was the parting with *Cordelia*. Her filial duty required her attendance on her father: ſhe could not therefore accompany me; nor would

ſhe indeed have held the ſame place in my eſteem had ſhe thought of ſuch a ſelf-gratification, in oppoſition to being a help and comfort where her duty demanded ſuch attendance. But there was no danger of *Cordelia*'s deviating in this point from the conſtant tenor of her actions. If there ever was a human creature born without ſelfiſhneſs, or rather whoſe ſocial affections had quite eradicated all conſideration for herſelf, it was my *Cordelia*. Reciprocal eſteem was the ſolid baſis of our affection for each other; and, if it may not be thought too bold an expreſſion, I could ſay, that we revelled in friendly delights: for we made a miracle in nature, and gathered the ſweet and pleaſing roſes of friendſhip without their thorns. When I informed *Cordelia* of my inclination to retire into the country, ſhe was ſo far from deſiring me to ſtay with her, or from intimating the regret my abſence muſt naturally give her, that ſhe earneſtly perſuaded me to purſue my intentions, as ſhe judged it the moſt likely method of reſtoring my mind to that tranquillity,

tranquillity, which with grief ſhe obſerved had been for ſome time loſt.

The *Cry* were now pleaſed to determine, that as *Cordelia* was ſo generous as to adviſe *Portia* to retire, altho' it was certainly againſt her own inclinations, *Portia* ought not to have been outdone in generoſity, but ſhould have ſtaid with *Cordelia*; becauſe *Cordelia* deſired her for her own ſake to leave her. Then they toſſed about the words *friendſhip*, *generoſity*, *delicacy*, *greatneſs of mind*, &c. till they made ſuch an intricate jumble of affected overſtrained refinement, as 'twas impoſſible to unravel.

Portia. When the ſolidity of friendſhip is transformed into the froth of compliment, it may then indeed properly be called too refined. I knew that my *Cordelia* ſpoke the honeſt and affectionate dictates of her heart in adviſing my retreat: and although the keeping me with her, whilſt it was not hurtful to my peace, was her higheſt joy; yet my abſence, when ſuch

abſence

abſence was for my welfare, was her real pleaſure, much rather than beholding me uneaſy. And this I could eaſily believe from knowing in myſelf the ſame ſenſations towards my *Cordelia*. I begged her to keep my intentions an abſolute ſecret till I put them in execution, which was with all the expedition the ſettling a few trifling affairs would permit: and altho' my choice would have been to have removed to ſome far diſtant place, yet my impatience to quit *London* made me take up with the firſt tolerable retired place I could hear of, which was about twenty miles from town. The houſe was ſmall, but neatly furniſhed: it was ſituated in the midſt of a garden on the ſide of a hill, and adjoining to it was an agreeable coppice-wood, in which, by permiſſion of the owner, I had full liberty to amuſe myſelf by walking. The place was very much ſuited in all reſpects to my circumſtances and fancy: and I had great hopes that in this rural receſs, by exerting all my reſolution, I ſhould in time recover my peace, and reinſtate my mind in tranquillity. As

ſoon

ſoon as I had eſcaped the mortifying ſight of the metamorphoſed *Ferdinand*, 'tis amazing in how ſhort a time my ſpirits ſubſided into a calm. And as ſoon as I found leiſure for reflexion, I conſidered over the utmoſt value of every worldly advantage, and found that they ſignified roundly nothing. The only pleaſure I had ever propoſed in my life, was being bleſſed with ſuch a companion as *Ferdinand*: in that I was diſappointed, and thoſe flattering hopes were changed into an abſolute deſpair. I now therefore calmly reſigned the world, ſought not its enjoyments, and deſired nothing more than to make the preſervation of my own innocence the ſure foundation of my tranquillity, and ſpending even the latter part of my life in chearfulneſs.

Now were the boſoms of the *Cry* tormented with the ſharpeſt ſtings of the *turba*, leſt *Portia* ſhould ſo ſubdue her mind as patiently to bear even the loſs of *Ferdinand*. Then burſt forth the diſcovery, that *Portia* had retired in ſullen anger, becauſe *Ferdinand* had flattered *Melantha*; and a heap of trite obſervations

obſervations they uttered about diſappointed women—of ſuch women's pretended wearineſs of the world when it was not in their power to enjoy it—and many more of the ſame kind: for compoſing tritical eſſays (not like the ingenious Dr. *Swift* to amuſe and entertain, but in order to vent the higheſt malignity) is one of the favourite employments of the *Cry*.

Portia. Little can you conceive, O ye *Cry*, the pleaſures which flowed in upon my mind, whilſt you ſuppoſe that the leaſt rage and anger found a place there. In a boſom inhabited by the *dextra* ſome comfort ariſes, even from deſpair of any pleaſure which was once a favourite purſuit: for the very impoſſibility of obtaining our wiſh, makes us in earneſt endeavour to conquer ſuch a fruitleſs inclination: whereas on the contrary, in the boſom inhabited by the *ſiniſtra*, the heart labouring with the knowledge of its own fancy'd deſert, ſwells with tumultuous rage on being diſappointed. I was ſo far from being perplexed with any anxiety leſt *Ferdinand* ſhould

ſhould even marry *Melantha*, that in a very ſhort time it became perfectly indifferent to me whom he married, provided I myſelf eſcaped the miſery, as I now thought it, of being his wife.

Whilſt rage, or the leaſt ſpark of anxiety remains in our retreat, we vainly deceive ourſelves, if we imagine that we have given up the world. This is only behaving like wayward children, who, if they are contradicted in the bent of their humour will no longer continue their play: but if their companions take them at their word, and play on, and ſeem as well pleaſed without them; how do their little hearts ſwell with rage and diſappointment! nor will they reſt till by ſome means they have deſtroyed the diverſion of their former playfellows.

To give up the world with a ſubmiſſive ſpirit, to detach ourſelves from outward objects from a well-weighed conſideration of their inanity, muſt be accompanied with calm humility and patient reſignation; the

the conſequence of which will always be a pleaſing chearfulneſs.

'Tis a vain pretence therefore, a playing the hypocrite with ourſelves or others, to ſay we have given up the world whilſt we harbour in our boſoms repining envy, meditated malice, and murmuring diſcontent; or even if we indulge ourſelves in grief, or give a looſe to affliction.

By the help of continual reflexion I had, in a very few days, ſcarce an anxious thought remaining in my boſom. I was provided with neceſſary food, convenient raiment, was free from bodily pain, and ſo ſatisfied, that I poſſeſſed more bleſſings than I deſerved. I could even thankfully contemplate my own happineſs in ſeeing how much every thing turned out to my advantage. For could I have enjoyed my utmoſt wiſh, the marrying *Ferdinand*, I ſhould from ſuch a deſired detachment have been filled with anxious cares for the welfare of *Ferdinand* and his children: whereas now my mind was free; I could amuſe myſelf innocently through

through this world, and wait with patient reſignation for another. Nay ſo far did I carry theſe reflexions, and ſo ſenſible did I imagine myſelf of my happineſs, that I thought, ſhould a miracle be wrought, and ſhould the former *Ferdinand* I once loved be reſtored to me, altho' my love would be the ſame, yet I ſhould prefer my preſent ſtate even to the being his wife.

Here the *Cry* were all up in arms with the words *romantic! refined! affectation*, &c.

Portia ſmiled, and thus proceeded.

Portia. The time I had paſſed in *London* ſince the return of *Ferdinand* from *Barbadoes*, appeared from its irkſomeneſs a tedious century, altho' no more than a fortnight. The exceſſive freedom and eaſe of mind which I now enjoyed, expanded alſo a ſmall week into an age: for 'tis giddy pleaſure, and not calm ſerenity, that gives wings to time and ſhortens the fleeting hours. It ſeemed to me that I had lived

my

my whole life in my then preſent peaceful manner. But on that day ſe'ennight in which I entered on my retirement, as I was ſitting on a bench in the wood adjoining to my garden, from whence I had an extenſive and agreeable proſpect, I heard the footſteps of a man pretty near me: but how great was my amazement, when I perceived it to be no other than *Ferdinand* himſelf advancing towards me! To avoid him was impoſſible, and to converſe with him was moſt irkſome to me. However, he approached me with reſpect, and aſſured me that if I would not fly from him, but would keep my ſeat, he would not offend me with a word or action which ſhould be any the leaſt treſpaſs on the ſtricteſt modeſty.

I thought as we were alone in a rural place, I had no remedy but to truſt him; as even profligacy will ſometimes be ſtopped by that ſop being thrown to pride, namely, a ſeeming confidence. For I had juſt been reading in *Clariſſa* the letter from *Loveleſs* to *Belford* about his roſe-bud. *Ferdinand* made ſome ſlight apology for ſuch an

an intruſion as this viſit, which he confeſſed he knew to be totally againſt my conſent, or I ſhould not in ſuch a manner have fled from him and all the world; but as the happineſs of his future life depended on ſuch a private perſonal interview, he was determined not to be baffled in it, and therefore had reſolved to receive his final ſentence from my own lips. "I once flat-" tered myſelf, *Portia*, (ſaid he with a ſigh) " that I was not indifferent to you."

" You did not flatter yourſelf, *Ferdinand*, " (replied I) for I loved you with the " ſincereſt and moſt ardent affection; with " a love ſo liberal and unbounded, that the " power of rooting it from my breaſt was " confined to yourſelf alone. No outward " circumſtances, no diſeaſes or infirmities, " no depth of miſery which the moſt un-" controuled imagination can form, had " you been but true to yourſelf, could " have ſtaggered my faithful conſtancy. I " thought myſelf the natural wife of your " boſom; and whatever accident might " have intervened to prevent the joining

" of

" of our hands, my heart could never " have been beſtowed on another. The " painful knowledge that I ſhould have " reaſon to refuſe, what I once thought " my greateſt happineſs, the being yours, " had not then reached my wretched " boſom."

Ferdinand with an averted countenance turned from me, in order, as I thought, to ſwallow his reſentment on my refuſal; then fixing his eyes ſteadily on me with the utmoſt attention, he ſaid: " Is it poſſible, " *Portia*, that whilſt my fortunes were ſo " wretched as to drive me from my native " country, you ſhould think with pleaſure " of being my wife?"

Here he pauſed;—then thus proceeded.

" Nor time nor place (as lady *Macbeth* " ſays) did then cohere: but *now* that " things do make themſelves, *their mak-* " *ing unmakes you!* Why ſhould you de- " prive me of the power of ſupporting

" you

"you in a magnificence and grandeur "which might render you the object of "envy?"

"Oh *Ferdinand*, (interrupted I) how "preferable were you in my eyes when "ſunk in the loweſt abyſs of poverty! "For how you came by that boaſted for- "tune——but reproaches are abhorrent to "my nature; and my grief that *Ferdinand* "ſhould ever deſerve them, is too deep and "poignant to ſuffer my tongue to give "them utterance.——You have murdered "my once-loved *Ferdinand*; for pity ſake "perſiſt not in your barbarity by thus "cruelly, like *Aaron* [b] the *Moor*, placing "the dead body of my friend continually "in my ſight; for by ſo ſhocking a "ſpectacle I ſhall blind myſelf with weep- "ing. If one grain of ſoft compaſſion "yet remains in your breaſt, leave me to "that tranquillity which ſolitude alone can "beſtow. For my mind is not ſo con-

"quered,

[b] A character in *Titus Andronicus*.

" quered, but in thls retirement, ſupport-
" ed by innocence, I can find ſuch enjoy-
" ments as I fear (with the deepeſt ſorrow
" I expreſs myſelf) you, O *Ferdinand*, can
" never taſte again."

At this inſtant I thought I ſaw a ſilent tear ſtealing from his eyes. I hoped it was remorſe, but with reſumed aſſurance he thus purſued his hated diſcourſe.

" Why, *Portia*, ſhould you condemn me
" for a few trifling gallantries, in which I
" am countenanced by the general practice
" of the men, and which are ſeldom a bad
" recommendation to women? for as I
" prefer you to any other woman, they
" are only ſacrifices to your beauty. Whilſt
" I was poor 'tis true I lived ſoberly, be-
" cauſe I had not the means of enjoying
" luxurious pleaſures; but when fortune
" flowed in upon me, why ſhould I not
" make uſe of it, and enjoy myſelf like a
" gentleman?"

I could

I could not anſwer, but with ſighs and groans from my very inmoſt ſoul; and *Ferdinand* thus went on: "As I have an "ample fortune, I reſolve to marry; and "altho' I thus willingly lay it at your feet, "yet if you are obſtinately bent on your "refuſal I will marry *Melantha*, who I "have ſome reaſon to think will willingly "accept my proffered heart."

"Oh *Ferdinand*, (cryed I, for I could no "longer contain my indignation) ſpare "me the pain and confuſion of beholding "any longer in my ſight one of the moſt "abject of wretches. Surely your fatal "transformation hath robbed you of every "judicious thought, ſince you can imagine "me to be piqued into conſent by the fear "of your marrying another! As you are "loſt to me by having fallen from the "eſteem once ſo much your due, 'tis equal "to me whom you marry, or what you "do, provided you will relieve me from "this horrid perſecution. My reſolution "never to call ſo deteſtable a creature huſ-

" band is unalterably fixed; nor from this " day hope I ever again to be haunted with " ſo melancholy a ſpectre." *Ferdinand* made me no anſwer, but ſeemed deep fixed in thought; he withdrew ſome ſteps, then turned as if he was going to renew his diſcourſe; but ſeeing my eyes bent on him with a ſteady indignation, he ſuddenly ſtarted back and was out of ſight in a moment.

I returned to my houſe trembling, and half dead with the anxiety I had undergone. I aſked my ſervant if ſhe had ſeen *Ferdinand.* She anſwered, that he ſtopt at the door and enquired for me; but on being told I was walked into the wood, he tied his horſe to the gate and went thither; that he returned about five minutes before me, ſaid not a ſyllable to any creature, but getting on his horſe rode with full ſpeed towards *London.*

His doubtful manner of leaving me, altho' I had given him ſuch an abſolute refuſal, left me in no certainty that he would not

not renew his viſit. My retreat was diſcovered, for which in my mind I half accuſed my *Cordelia*, altho' at the ſame time I made twenty excuſes for her from the importunity of her brother. I had no ſecurity of enjoying one peaceful day more; and to ſtand ſuch another ſcene as I had juſt experienced, was more than my ſtrength would bear. I therefore without the leaſt deliberation determined inſtantly to leave my houſe, and taking my maid with me in a poſt chaiſe, I ſet out that evening I ſcarcely knew whither; but ordered the boy to go as far in the road to *Dover* as we could reach before night. My intention was to go directly into *France*, to find ſome agreeable retirement there, and by concealing my retreat from every living creature, to endeavour at the recovery of that calm which I found was ſo very pleaſing. I reſolved not to let even *Cordelia* know what ſpot I inhabited, as ſuch knowledge would only make her liable to be again intreated to diſcover me to *Ferdinand*. But I was prevented from quitting *England* by the hand of providence; for no ſooner had I reach-

ed *Dover* than I was ſeized with a fever, attended with ſo ſtrong a delirium, that I was perfectly inſenſible for one and twenty days. The very firſt attack of this fever was ſo violent, that I immediately apprehended it to be mortal; I therefore charged my maid, that if I died ſhe ſhould ſend notice of it to *Cordelia*, together with a ſealed paper which I gave into her hands, and was indeed the diſpoſition of my ſmall fortune to my beloved friend. On the two and twentieth day of my illneſs, the phyſician having for ſome time given me over, I fell into a fit ſo ſtrongly reſembling death, that my ſervant, haſty to execute my orders, diſpatched a meſſenger to *London* with the news that I was dead, and by him alſo ſhe ſent the paper before-mentioned. That I recovered out of my fainting fit is needleſs to declare, as you ſee me now before you, and at the ſame time alſo I in ſome degree recovered my ſenſes. The girl finding me come back to life, and the phyſician alſo ſaying that by a ſudden turn in my diſtemper he had hopes of my recovery, was ſo exceſſively frightened at having

having diſcovered the place I was in, that ſhe concealed the knowledge of it from me; and, in order to patch up the miſchief ſhe had done, her officious invention helped her to a contrivance which ſhe thought would ſet all matters right, and for which ſhe expected from me great commendations. She bribed the meſſenger who was ſent from *London* by *Cordelia* to report that he ſaw me buried, and to ſay that ſhe, my maid, would be in *London* in a few days, or a week at fartheſt. In this time ſhe hoped I ſhould be well enough to purſue my voyage, and when I was once croſſed the ſeas, ſhe intended to have declared the whole tranſaction.

The *Cry*, who had before fallen on *Portia* for omitting to relate in what manner *Ferdinand* had made his voyage from *Barbadoes*, now all at once declared that they were tired with a parcel of minute particulars; and wiſhed people would not be ſo fond of enlarging on every trifle that happened to themſelves or ſervants.

Portia modeſtly replied, that ſhe ſhould be extremely ſorry to detain the ears of her auditors with facts that were impertinent to the ſtory. But as ſhe preſumed it would appear that the whole of her future life really turned on thoſe ſeemingly trifling circumſtances, ſhe begged their patience for being more minute in this part than in any other of her narrative.

Una bent her head in ſign of her permiſſion to *Portia* to proceed in her own manner; and the *Cry* ſhrunk back into their ſullen ſilence.

Portia. In about a fortnight I began to be pretty well recovered, and was conſidering of my beſt method in the purſuit of my ſcheme, when the ſervant of the houſe where I lodged, in the abſence of my own maid, brought up a poſt letter, which as ſhe could not read ſhe delivered into my hands. I immediately knew the handwriting to be *Cordelia*'s, and ſeeing it directed to my own ſervant, I appeared to have ſuch

ſuch convincing proofs of ſomething underhand with regard to my maid, that without any ſcruple I broke open the ſeal. It was indeed ſigned by my *Cordelia*; but the contents were perfectly aſtoniſhing, and the tender ſorrow ſhe expreſſed for my ſuppoſed death drew tears from my eyes. The purport of the letter was to enquire what had detained my maid ſo much beyond the time ſhe promiſed to come to town; and expreſſing great concern for fear the poor girl ſhould be taken ill, deſiring alſo, if that was the caſe that ſhe would want for nothing, ſaying, that her kindeſt regard was due to every one that once belonged to her much-loved *Portia*. I had ſcarce finiſhed reading theſe ſtrange contents before my maid came into the room, and on my ſhewing her the letter ſhe fell on her knees, confeſſed all ſhe had done, and implored my pardon. As there appeared no malice or real ill intention in her proceedings, I could not long be angry with the poor girl; but I could by no means conſent to conceal myſelf by coming into the meaſures ſhe, poor ſilly creature, had de-

ſigned. I could not bear even the appearance of having feigned death only to afflict my beſt friend; I therefore diſpatched a letter to *Cordelia*, acquainting her with the real truth of every circumſtance as I have already related, adding, that I was reſolved to purſue my intentions of leaving *England*; and as I was, I thanked God, recovered enough to undertake the voyage, I ſhould only wait to hear from her of her health before I ſet out; and if ſhe really deſired it, I would continue to her the knowledge of my retreat, and enjoy her correſpondence, which I at firſt intended to avoid out of a tender regard to her, and not from any failure of affection. My *Cordelia*'s anſwer was filled with the higheſt expreſſions of joy for this my being reſtored again to life, in order, as ſhe hoped, to bleſs her and all that was dear to her. She was reſtrained, ſhe ſaid, from fully explaining herſelf on that expreſſion; but ſhe would not be refuſed the requeſt, that her brother ſhould pay me a viſit in as ſhort a time after my receipt of that letter as my hurry of ſpirits would give leave.—"Poor *Ferdinand* (ſaid ſhe) will

"be

" be the bearer himſelf of this letter, and " will only wait for your permiſſion to ap- " pear before you." I had ſuch an unlimited confidence in my *Cordelia*, that I no more heſitated on admitting *Ferdinand* (who I was informed by my maid was waiting at an inn in the town) into my company, notwithſtanding all my former reſolutions, than if he had never appeared other to me than the gentle, the amiable *Ferdinand* of my firſt acquaintance.

Here the *Cry* were pleaſed to be extremely witty, on *Portia*'s ſaying that ſhe admitted this viſit from *Ferdinand* out of her confidence in his ſiſter *Cordelia*'s friendſhip. They believed, they ſaid, that every woman who was madly in love with a worthleſs fellow, would have the ſame *confidence* in any one that perſuaded her to admit him into her preſence; and then an inſulting laugh re-echoed through the whole aſſembly.

Portia. Altho' my unbounded and liberal friendſhip for my *Cordelia*, which you,

O ye *Cry*, have interpreted into an unconquerable paſſion for her brother, made me apprehend no ill conſequence from an interview that was to be the reſult of her requeſt, yet could I not in the leaſt flatter myſelf with its being any more than a final adieu to *Ferdinand*, which was no ſuch mighty boon to grant to a man I had once ſo ſincerely loved. But whilſt I was ruminating in my mind a thouſand reaſons for *Cordelia*'s making a requeſt which appeared to me ſo trifling, *Ferdinand* entered the room.

He approached me with a diffident reſpect, and my pleaſed imagination preſented him to my eyes in the true form of my once-loved *Ferdinand*. A ſudden joy ſeemed to ſparkle from his eyes, unmixed with that wildneſs which of late had diſperſed their benign beams, and he accoſted me in a manner that engaged all my attention, nor will the minuteſt word he ſpoke be ever blotted from my memory.

" *Portia*,

"*Portia*, (ſaid he) you are now riſen
"from the dead; and as faithfully as I
"would ſpeak to one of thoſe bleſſed ſpi-
"rits before whom no falſehood can re-
"main undiſcovered, will I lay open to
"your view every action, every thought
"that hath paſſed in this unhappy breaſt,
"ſince I firſt was capable of reflexion.
"'Tis ſcarcely with leſs awe that I ſhall,
"if I have your permiſſion, render to you
"this account, than if I was waiting my
"final doom; nor will I murmur at your
"ſentence, let it exerciſe the moſt rigorous
"puniſhment, as I know I am deſerving
"much more than you can poſſibly deſire
"to inflict."

The ſolemnity of this addreſs filled me with a kind of terror; and I dreaded a recital from his own mouth of thoſe crimes, which from report alone I had hitherto learnt, and of which at preſent he ſeemed truly repentant: but his appeal to me was ſo earneſt, that I could not reject the confeſſion of ſuch a penitent; and promiſing

him the utmoſt attention I begged him to proceed, which he did in the following manner, and which, if I have permiſſion, I will repeat in his own words.

Una told *Portia* that ſhe would on no occaſion refuſe her the liberty of taking her own method, provided ſhe was but clear and intelligible in her narration.

Portia. "As ſoon as I was capable of "reflexion (ſaid *Ferdinand*) or of form-"ing any ſcheme for the regulation of my "conduct, I reſolved, if ever I ſhould mar-"ry, to wave all other conſiderations in the "choice of my wife but an eſteem built on "the ſolid foundation of her deſerving my "higheſt approbation. To barter my true "happineſs for money, was too ſordid to "have any place in my mind; and to make "a god of my appetite, by ſuffering a ca-"pricious deſire for beauty to enſlave me "for life to a companion every way un-"qualified to give the leaſt pleaſure, as ſoon "as the charms of her perſon ceaſed to en-"thrall me, was abhorrent to my thoughts.

"I ſaw

" I ſaw various women; ſome alſo pleaſed
" me in a ſhort and tranſitory converſa-
" tion: but when I had firſt the pleaſure
" of your acquaintance I was at once abſo-
" lutely determined in my choice.—Do not
" weep, *Portia*, for your tears will diſſolve
" all my reſolution.—I could not, like a
" coxcomb, immediately fancy myſelf the
" object of your love, but ſoon your ge-
" nerous and undiſguiſed openneſs of heart
" left me ſo very little doubt of it, that I
" muſt have been perverſely blind to
" my own happineſs, if I had ſhut my eyes
" againſt ſuch a pleaſing knowledge. I
" watched every turn of your mind; I led
" you through every ſort of converſation,
" approved all your ſentiments, and could
" not find a fault in your conduct. But
" your honeſt candor in readily ſeeing and
" acknowledging truth the moment it was
" propoſed, and, if any ſlight error had
" heedleſsly crept into your mind, the
" yielding it up on the firſt conviction
" was what I chiefly admired. Thus your
" very errors, in my opinion, turned out to
" your honour. Women who call them-

" ſelves

" ſelves in love, whilſt they alternately rave
" with fondneſs and jealous fury, could ne-
" ver be the objects of my affection. The
" having a command over the paſſions, and
" not the raiſing and enflaming them into
" continual tumults, was to me the baſis of
" eſteem: then where could I be ſo fully
" gratified as in my *Portia!* Altho' I was
" not originally what might be call'd in
" love with you, yet the ſtrongeſt liking
" ſoon followed ſuch an approbation; and in
" you I met an object towards whom I
" could energize all my affection, and in
" whom I could place all my delight. But
" yet there lay in our road to happineſs an
" obſtacle that appeared inſurmountable.
" Such a want of fortune on both ſides!
" my family too in the higheſt diſtreſs!
" that when I have been upon the point of
" opening to you my whole heart, I have
" been ſo confuſed in my thoughts that I
" have not dared to execute ſuch a purpoſe;
" for in what terms could I have made my
" addreſs? how could I aſk you to come
" aboard a veſſel in which you muſt be
" inevitably ſunk? or how could I make

" ſo

" ſo prepoſterous a requeſt as to ſay, *Oh*
" *Portia, I am deſirous that for my ſake you*
" *ſhould leap down a dangerous precipice becauſe*
" *I love you?* My heart would not ſuffer me
" to utter ſuch fallacious language; and I
" was therefore forced to avoid the coming
" to any explanation. But the pains I un-
" derwent to act with a reſerve ſo contrary
" to my nature, were they known, would
" be the higheſt proofs of the ſincerity of
" my love. In this uneaſy ſituation of my
" mind I was forced, by abſolute neceſſity,
" and the malice of *Oliver*, to ſeparate my-
" ſelf from all my ſoul held dear, and to
" ſeek a refuge from dire poverty, and its
" conſtant attendant reproach, in a foreign
" climate. But the utmoſt force of my
" reſolution was almoſt baffled at the cruel
" moment of our ſeparation: and had I not
" in a manner fled from you, and had not
" the ſwiftneſs of the motion whirled away
" my thoughts, nor gave me leiſure to ex-
" ert my power of reflexion, I doubt not
" but I ſhould have experienced the truth
" of the poet's obſervation, who ſays, that--

" *Whoever*

" *Whoever ſtands to parly with temptation*
" *Does it to be o'ercome*—

" Oh *Portia*, do not thus melt my ſoul
" with tears, you weaken me to the ſtate
" of a new-born infant, I ſhall be diſabled
" from proceeding, and you will ſtill remain
" in ignorance of what it is the ſtrongeſt wiſh
" of my heart it will be your higheſt joy to
" know.—When I arrived at *Barbadoes*,
" (my *Portia* being as I hoped the reward
" in view) the moſt aſſiduous labouring
" hind never ſurpaſſed me in induſtry: by
" theſe means, and by the friendly aſſiſtance
" of *Alcander*, I ſucceeded in increaſing my
" fortune beyond my moſt ſanguine ex-
" pectations; I joyfully wrote my father an
" account of my ſucceſs, remitting him
" ſuch ſums as I hoped would in ſome
" meaſure change his penury to plenty. I
" wrote to you, *Portia*, and opened to you
" without reſerve every thought as they
" aroſe in the ſincerity of my heart. As
" all the pleaſure it could be in the power
" of fortune to beſtow on me muſt ariſe

" from

"from another's participation, and not by
"confining it to myſelf, I declared my hope
"that you would indulge me in being my
"companion for life. I dwelt on the
"thought of our mutual pleaſure when
"the ſcene of poverty ſhould be quite
"reverſed, when my father ſhould paſs his
"remaining days in affluence, and my
"deareſt ſiſter *Cordelia* ſhould enjoy the
"friendly rapture of ſeeing her *Portia*
"bleſſed, and bleſſing all around her."

This laſt picture drawn by *Ferdinand* (vain picture as I thought of vaniſhed happineſs!) forced from my breaſt this ſudden exclamation, "Oh *Ferdinand*, whither can
"this tend? I received no ſuch letter
"from you; your father's heart was glad-
"dened with no needful ſupply; don't
"abuſe my ears with falſehoods——or into
"what ſtrange deluſions are you leading
"my unwary heart?"

"Into no deluſions, (replied *Ferdinand*)
"I ſpeak no falſehoods, nor utter any other
"than the honeſt dictates of my ſoul. And

"by

" by the wanton cruelties I am going to
" confeſs myſelf guilty of towards the
" brighteſt pattern of generous love that
" ever was beſtowed on an unworthy ob-
" ject, you will have no cauſe to think
" that I endeavour to conceal, or artfully to
" diſguiſe the truth."

The ſtory of the planter's daughter ſuddenly forced itſelf on my imagination, and I would willingly here have ſtopped *Ferdinand* from wounding my ears with the ſad recital, but I had promiſed him my attention. He had alſo by the muſic of his voice, which hitherto had uttered no diſcordant ſounds, charmed my fancy into a pleaſing hope of things almoſt incredible! With no farther interruption therefore than a deep ſigh, I ſuffered him to proceed in the following manner.

" I could obtain (ſays *Ferdinand*) no
" anſwer to any of my letters, except ſome
" formal thanks from *Oliver* in the name
" of my father; nor did I by any other
" method hear from *England* till *Adolphus*
" came

" came abroad, and brought to *Alcander* your
" letter filled with anxious enquiries con-
" cerning my behaviour. I was aſtoniſh-
" ed to find that I lay under ſuch heavy
" and undeſerved cenſures. I traced the
" hand of malice exerting all its ſhuffling
" artifices, and I am ſorry to ſay that I
" ſuſpected my own brother of being the
" miſchievous plotting engine. Now a
" new ſcene opened to my view, and tempt-
" ed me to give an uncontrouled liberty
" to one part of my natural diſpoſition,
" which I had hitherto had little opportu-
" nity to exert, and which to my confu-
" ſion I confeſs, is no other than a curious
" love of refinement on my pleaſures. I
" was overjoyed to read in my *Portia*'s
" anxious concern for me the ſincereſt love.
" I always wiſhed to have my wife's warm-
" eſt affection, but I could not bear to
" have that affection built on a capricious
" fancy. I was well aſſured that the
" woman who would conſent to be my wife
" in contradiction to her better judgment,
" and only to gratify her preſent humour,
" would from the ſame indulged capric-

" ouſneſs

" ouſneſs yield to the firſt change of her
" inclinations, and follow any new object
" of her varying fancy. My mind at
" eaſe from the aſſurance of my *Portia*'s
" conſtant affection for me, grew wanton;
" and I reſolved to make the experiment
" whether you could conquer your paſſion
" when your eſteem was loſt——

" Was I ſo little known then, *Ferdinand*?
" or is there no force in the moſt innocent, as
" well as the moſt ardent affection, to baniſh
" all doubt and ſuſpicion from the mind?

" So well, *Portia*, were you known, (re-
" plied *Ferdinand*) that I looked no other-
" wiſe on ſuch a trial than as a certain me-
" thod to make my *Portia* ſhine out with
" added luſtre; and by thus confirming
" my opinion of your noble heart, to give
" peace and joy to all our days to come. I
" warmed my imagination with this my
" new ſcheme, and communicated my
" thoughts to *Alcander*: he unfortunately
" ſympathized with me in my idle love of
" refinement, and encouraged me to pro-
" ceed. We joined in dictating his reply

" to

" to your letter. We invented together
" the ſtory of my inhuman treatment of
" the planter's daughter which he related
" to *Adolphus*; and we made no doubt
" but *Adolphus* would convey the cruel re-
" port to your ear. The better to carry
" on our ſtratagem, I perſonated before *A-*
" *dolphus* the new character I had aſſumed:
" for altho' to perform the part of ſenſe
" and ſobriety would be an impoſſible taſk
" to a ſilly profligate; yet on the contrary
" the receipt to perſonate a ſilly profligate
" lies in a few words, and requires a ſmall
" quantity of ingredients. 'Tis only to
" talk a rhapſody of nonſenſe pro-
" perly larded with oaths; to brag of lead-
" ing a life of intrigue, and to talk of
" women only as the natural prey of men:
" to boaſt therefore of every ſucceſsful
" ſnare you have laid for the innocent, and
" to declare yourſelf above being reſtrain-
" ed from acting ſuch a cruel part by any
" laws either human or divine; to throw
" into your diſcourſe over a bottle a good
" quantity of obſcenity, and the more blaſ-
" phemy is added, the more ſhining will

" be

" be the part; and thus the whole cha-
" racter may be moſt fully compleated.
" The laſt mentioned ingredient I totally
" omitted before *Adolphus*; but that no-
" thing might appear wanting, I ſuffered
" *Alcander* to accuſe me of this alſo in his
" letter to you. *Adolphus*'s ſtay at *Bar-*
" *badoes* was ſo ſhort, being only five days,
" that 'twas eaſy for me always to appear
" before him in this transformed light: but
" when he ſet forward on his return to
" *England*, nothing could equal my impa-
" tience for his account to *Alcander* of
" your reception of that news, which like a
" thoughtleſs cruel wretch I conſidered not
" was to rob you of all the generous plea-
" ſure of your heart. But when I read in
" *Adolphus*'s letter to *Alcander* an account
" of your behaviour, how in the moſt pa-
" thetic terms you had deplored your
" piercing ſorrow, I was ſhocked at my
" own barbarity, and was impatient at the
" wide ocean which with my utmoſt ſpeed
" muſt ſo long delay my throwing myſelf
" at my *Portia*'s feet, and relieving the bit-
" ter pangs I had cauſed in that gentle bo-

" ſom.

" ſom. *Adolphus* incloſed to *Alcander* your
" note of an hundred pounds, begging him
" to give it to the planter's daughter who
" had really no more exiſtence than the
" *Dulcinea* of *Don Quixot*."

Ferdinand on this produced the note out of his pocket-book; on the ſight of which, as being an outward evidence of the falſehood of that horrid barbarous ſtory, and fully proving to my ſatisfaction that the planter's daughter was only an hideous phantom, that had frightened away every peaceful thought from my ſoul, I was overcome with a profuſion of joy, and wiſhed for an hundred ears to ſuck in the pleaſing ſounds which now flowed in ſuch abundance from the mouth of my beloved *Ferdinand*.

Here the *Cry* were ready with their accuſation againſt *Portia* of being jealous, in the common acceptation of the word, of the planter's daughter: but *Una*, who was very deſirous of hearing the remainder of *Ferdinand*'s

nand's ſtory, awed them by a frown from giving her at this time any interruption.

Portia. "This generous, this humane "action (continued *Ferdinand*) was like "my *Portia.* No hope of farther gain, as "I had a fortune ſufficient to ſatisfy the "utmoſt of our moderate wiſhes, ſhould "have withheld me from embarking in "the firſt ſhip which ſet ſail for the *En-*"*gliſh* coaſt. Sleeping or waking my ima-"gination dwelt on nothing but the plea-"ſure of ſeeing you undeceived, and re-"joicing over your conviction of my in-"nocence. On my arrival I ſoon found, "by the countenance of my *Cordelia*, what "credit my fooleries had found; and on "my firſt beholding you, I felt the diffe-"rence of your reception from what I have "experienced even from the ſhorteſt ab-"ſence; for thoſe eyes which uſed to "brighten into joy, were now depreſſed "with languid ſorrow. My heart bled "with compaſſion, and I reſolved the next "morning to pour forth my ſoul before "you: but the natural bent of the mind

"being

" being once uncurbed, and ſuffered to rove
" with an uncontrouled licence, generally
" knows no bounds, but will wander and
" lead us into paths which were at firſt
" unthought of, nay, will ſometimes en-
" ſnare us into actions which would ſtartle
" humanity. ——

" Did you never, *Ferdinand*, read the
" tragedy of the *Fatal curioſity*?

" Too plainly (replied *Ferdinand*) do I
" ſee my own picture in that of young
" *Wilmot*, and often with him have I ſaid
" within myſelf;

" *How has my curioſity betray'd me*
" *Into ſuperfluous pain! I faint with fondneſs.*

" Yet like him I ſtill perſiſted in my fooliſh
" refinements. There being now no ſeas be-
" twixt us, but the bleſſing ſo near my reach,
" that I imagined I had no more to do than
" to extend my hand to take it, I was reſol-
" ved to be an eye-witneſs to my *Portia*'s
" ſteadineſs of mind: and my forced beha-

" viour

" viour from the cruel whim of endeavour-
" ing to perſuade you to be my wife whilſt
" I appeared thus changed and abandoned
" to every villainy, dwells I fear too ſtrong-
" ly on your memory to need a repetition.
" When I found that you was fled from
" town, in the ſudden fear of my heart
" that I had loſt you, I laid open to *Cor-*
" *delia* all the circumſtances I have now
" related, and begged her kind aſſiſtance
" to recover a treaſure which I had wan-
" tonly caſt away. *Cordelia* would not re-
" proach me, but by her countenance I
" ſaw how much ſhe diſapproved all my
" management. But not doubting that
" by an interview with you every fatal
" miſtake would be cleared up, ſhe readily
" diſcovered to me the place of your
" retirement. She would have accom-
" panied me to have ſhared in the joy of
" our meeting, but my father was too bad
" with a violent fit of the gout to ſpare
" her even an hour from his bedſide. I ſet
" out with the moſt fixed reſolution to re-
" move if poſſible from your mind all
" thoſe torments I had cruelly inflicted,

" and

" and to relieve myſelf from the higheſt
" uneaſineſs. But I had not yet felt ſuf-
" ficient puniſhment for my folly! ſome
" over-ruling power ſeemed to infatuate
" my mind with little leſs than madneſs;
" and, as if I was under the power of en-
" chantment from my own accurſed
" trifling, I fell into the error I intended
" to renounce, and purſued you as you
" know with flattering perſecutions, paltry
" allurements, and the mean artifice of
" threatening on your refuſal to marry
" *Melantha*. I was like a bird entangled
" in a ſnare of my own weaving, and
" knew not how to extricate myſelf from
" the fooliſh maze in which I was be-
" wildered. Your ſteady refuſal of me
" was my joy, my triumph! nor can words
" expreſs how my ſoul exulted to find,
" that the more I try'd you, the brighter
" ſhone forth all your excellence! Yet ſo
" ſudden a ſhame overtook me when I
" conſidered the mean figure I at that time
" made in your eyes, that I had not the
" power to contradict what I had utter'd,

" to fall at your feet imploring forgiveneſs,
" and to ſay,

——" [a] *All thy vexations*
" *Were but my trials of thy love, and thou*
" *Haſt ſtrangely ſtood the teſt*——

" I once turned back, having, as I thought,
" gained courage to reſume my former
" ſelf; but the ſevere look which you too
" properly caſt on a wretch ſo abject as I
" appeared, baffled my reſolution, and
" I haſtily fled back to my *Cordelia* in or-
" der to make her my mediator, and to
" pave my way for reconcilement with my
" *Portia*. The next day, my father hav-
" ing a ſmall interval from pain, my
" ſiſter *Cordelia* was enabled to comply
" with my requeſt, and to ſet out with me
" for the place of your retreat: but on
" our arrival we found the houſe entirely
" ſhut up, nor the leaſt traces in all the
" village could we find of the way that
" you

[a] *Shakeſpear*'s Tempeſt, Act 4. Scene 1.

" you had bent your courſe. This was
" indeed an unexpected ſtroke, and now
" were my eyes forced wide open on my
" own folly. My *Cordelia* was too ſen-
" ſibly afflicted herſelf to give me any
" comfort. I diſpatch'd meſſengers every
" way that I could think of, but they all
" return'd with an account that their ſearch
" after you had been fruitleſs. Some hope
" ſtill remained in my mind, that after I
" had ſufficiently been puniſhed, a lucky
" chance might bring me information of
" your abode: but when the letter from
" your ſervant arrived, giving an account
" that your gentle ſpirit was indeed fled
" out of the reach of human barbarity,
" and when the ſecond meſſenger con-
" firmed the fatal tidings by declaring
" himſelf to have been an eye-witneſs of
" the ſad proceſſion to your tomb; the
" ſhaft which pierced my heart was truly
" ſhot, and I abandon'd myſelf to the ut-
" moſt depth of deſpair. Thoſe cruel
" words, *Portia is dead*, would at any time
" have had the force to have cleft my ſoul
" aſunder; but when from the ſtrongeſt

" inward conviction I was forced to add ;
" *and I ſtand here her murderer !*—Oh *Por-*
" *tia* can your imagination form the tor-
" ments of ſinful ſpirits doom'd to eternal
" perdition greater than thoſe which at
" that time rent and excruciated my ſelf-
" condemned, my guilty boſom ?"

I begged *Ferdinand* not to dwell on this part of his narration ; I aſſured him that I delighted not in the idea of his ſufferings, but intreated him to proceed.

" My deareſt *Cordelia*, (proceeded he)
" altho' ſhe had a load of grief on her
" mind, ſufficient to have ſunk a leſs
" ſteady breaſt, by her gentle ſoothing and
" kind mitigations of my crimes brought
" me at laſt to ſome ſmall degree of com-
" poſure. Beſides, I could not bear to be ſuch
" an additional weight to her ſorrow. I there-
" fore at once determined to follow my
" *Portia*'s example, and to ſeek a refuge
" in total retirement from the world. Fool
" that I was, to imagine that ſolitude
" would give to a guilty mind, which could
" not

" not fly from its own thoughts, the calm
" tranquillity which innocence enjoys when
" eſcaped from the perſecutions of others!
" In purſuance of this reſolution I ſettled
" all my affairs. I intended to leave with
" my *Cordelia* means ſufficient for an eaſy
" maintenance for life for herſelf and
" whole family, and to take for myſelf
" only enough to provide the plaineſt
" neceſſaries, ſo as not to be troubled in
" my retreat with the daily thoughts of
" ſupporting my wretched life as long as
" I was doom'd to endure it. Every thing
" was now thoroughly ſettled for my ſet-
" ting out, and I intended only to ſtop
" and pay the tribute of ſome heart-felt
" groans and tears of repentant ſorrow at
" my *Portia*'s grave, and then fly to the re-
" moteſt part of the earth, when a ſtrange
" cloudineſs overſpread the countenance of
" *Oliver*, and his lowring eyes ſeemed to
" threaten ſome impetuous ſtorm. During
" the exceſs of my ſorrow from the time
" I firſt feared I had loſt the only treaſure
" of my ſoul, my brother had ſeemed to
" enjoy a pleaſure unuſual to him ; but my

" thoughts were too buſily employed to
" beſtow on him much obſervation: but
" from the time that my ſpirits ſeemed a
" little calm'd, or at leaſt that I had ex-
" erted ſtrength of mind enough to hide
" my ſorrows, in compaſſion to my *Cor-*
" *delia*, more within my own breaſt, this
" ſtorm in the boſom of *Oliver* ſeemed
" to have been gathering, and now ſeeing
" me fixt in my purpoſe of flying for ever
" from the ſight of him and all mankind,
" he began to wrangle and diſpute with
" me on ſome mere trifles, which he would
" impoſe upon my unwilling ears, and
" with continual galling and fretting me,
" ſometimes alſo barbarouſly touching the
" part which was but too tender, he forced
" from me this reproof: *Oh* Oliver! *I*
" *am ſorry that I cannot ſay with pleaſure,*
" *Oh my brother! why will you delight to*
" *wound a heart already mangled with deep-*
" *felt ſorrow? yet am I not fallen ſo low, but*
" *I can with pity look down on a wretch who*
" *hath waſted his whole life in the miſtaken*
" *purſuit of ſeeking happineſs from the mi-*
" *ſery of others: whoſe deep-laid plots have*

" *ever*

" *ever redounded on his own head, and whoſe*
" *malicious inventions have fixed no torments*
" *in any boſom but his own. Think not,*
" *miſtaken* Oliver, *that becauſe I have never*
" *declared my knowledge of the baſe malignity*
" *of your heart (which I would gladly have*
" *hid even from myſelf) that I have not per-*
" *ceived your vain efforts of conquering my*
" *mind and rendering me miſerable. I have*
" *ſeen all your wiles and artifices; I have*
" *eſcaped them all; nor ever could have been*
" *reduced to the wretched ſtate in which you*
" *now behold me, but from the folly of my*
" *own inventions. In this thought I feel a*
" *contrite pleaſure ariſing from the very pu-*
" *niſhment I now undergo.* —— I ſhould have
" proceeded farther, but *Oliver* ſuddenly
" interrupted me with a fury darting like
" lightning from his eyes: *Vain wretch,*
" (ſaid he) *if from that thought ariſes any*
" *ſatisfaction, ſoon will I wreſt it from thy*
" *graſp, by ſhewing thee that thou haſt been*
" *no other than the deluded dupe of my machi-*
" *nations throughout the whole courſe of thy*
" *fancy'd ſagacious life.* He then with an
" inſulting ſneer (hoping as he declared

" that it would fill my ſoul with freſh tor-
" ments) laid open from the beginning all
" the deep-wrought contrivances of his
" life."

Here, ſaid *Portia*, *Ferdinand* repeated to me the black account of *Oliver*'s paſt actions, uttered by himſelf in rage, deſpair of future ſucceſs, and a hope of hurting his brother to the quick. It contained an impudent undaunted avowal of that hatred and malice towards his brother *Ferdinand*, which I have ſo repeatedly, and with no leſs than bare juſtice imputed to him. He boaſted of his intercepting all *Ferdinand*'s letters, of his artfully drawing in the good-natured *Sebaſtian* to be an aſſiſtant in his forgeries, in the manner I have already related, and expreſſed, he owned, great aſtoniſhment at the ſtrong appearance there was at one time of all his calumnies being no more than truth. He burſt into the higheſt fit of exultation on finding, as he ſaid, that *Ferdinand* had been ſo thoroughly his dupe as to have dug a much deeper pit for himſelf from his own refinement of diſpoſition, than

than that into which he intended him to fall. His triumph he profeſſed was now perfectly compleat, ſince duped by his artifices his brother was led into ſuch deep misfortunes as it was not in the power of fate to remedy. Many other particulars did *Oliver* declare, which it would be tautology in me to repeat, and I will therefore go on with the addreſs of *Ferdinand*, who proceeded in the following manner.

"*Oliver* (ſaid *Ferdinand*) concluded this "his black confeſſion, if words uttered in "rage and inſult may bear that name, with "bidding me not vent my ſorrows like a "child in blubbering tears, but boldly ex-"ert the man, revenge my mighty wrongs, "and then I might retire to my deſired "ſolitude, he ſaid, with the load of a bro-"ther's murder, added to that of a wo-"man who ſo ſincerely loved me. He end-"ed with an inſulting laugh, or rather, as "*Milton* ſo well expreſſes it,

—— "*grinn'd horribly a ghaſtly ſmile.*

" Had the deſire of revenge really poſ-
" ſeſſed my boſom, I could not more com-
" pletely have executed it than by ſuffering
" ſuch a wretch ſtill to continue his own
" torments, by lengthening, if poſſible, ra-
" ther than ſhortening his life. But grief
" on all ſides had ſo weigh'd me down, that
" I had no ſtrength either to move or ſpeak.
" The ſight of ſo deform'd a monſter as
" *Oliver* had now diſplay'd himſelf to my
" view, made me wiſh for ever to loſe the
" power of ſight. I made him no anſwer:
" I threw myſelf on the ground enfolding
" my face with my arms, and know not
" how long I ſhould have continued in
" that poſture, or whether I ſhould not
" thro' ſighs have forced my ſoul to have
" quitted its cumbrous load, had not my
" *Cordelia* entered the room, and flying to
" me with ſounds more ſweet than the
" moſt heavenly muſick recalled my ſpirit
" back to life, by ſhewing me the letter
" which you wrote to her. It ſeem'd as if
" I was new waked into Elyſium; I would
" that inſtant have flown to my *Portia*, but

" *Cordelia*

" *Cordelia* feared it might too much ruffle
" your ſpirits without the kind paſſport
" which ſhe gave me. And now you ſee be-
" fore you either the moſt miſerable or the
" moſt happy of mankind. You are ac
" quainted with my whole ſoul; its very in-
" moſt thoughts have been honeſtly expoſed
" to your view. Is it poſſible *Portia*, that
" you can let your generoſity ſoar to ſuch an
" amazing height, as to forgive my wanton
" cruelty in having voluntarily tormented
" your kind and honeſt heart?"

" Forgive you, *Ferdinand!* (ſaid I) I
" never can forgive you."—He readily ac-
knowledged, he ſaid, the juſtice of the ſentence, altho' its rigor was more, he feared, than he could be able long to ſupport.

" Conclude not too haſtily, (cried I) you
" quite miſtake my meaning. The notion
" of forgiveneſs implies the acknowledging
" a crime. A little too much refinement on
" true and delicate love ſhould not be load-
" ed with the name of guilt. No ſuch

" thought

" thought is harboured in this breaſt: and
" tho' human frailty hath ſo far overcome a
" generous mind as to ſhew me that mor-
" tality and perfection cannot be joined in
" one ſubject, yet from henceforth may it
" be buried in oblivion; nor ever again ſhall
" it live in my remembrance: let it be alſo
" baniſhed for ever from your breaſt, my
" *Ferdinand*, and for my ſake ſuffer not
" the gloom of ſelf-reproach ever to ſteal in
" and interrupt our future happineſs."

Now the *Cry* were all in an uproar of criticiſm on the part that *Portia* ought to have acted towards *Ferdinand*. One ſaid ſhe ſhould have baniſhed him for ever from her preſence; another, that ſhe ſhould have invented ſome trial of his conſtancy to have been even with him; but the generality agreed, that for the dignity of the ſex ſhe ought on no account to have forgiven the ſuſpicion he had ſhewn of her in making ſuch a trial.

Portia. Notwithſtanding your critical and various remarks, O ye *Cry*, of what I ought

ought or ought not to have done, I fairly confeſs that, acting as nature and ſimplicity dictated, no ſooner did I ſee the once loved boſom of my *Ferdinand* free from thoſe deformed demons which had crept in and filled up the vacant ſpace, than beholding my natural home once more the ſeat of innocence and truth, my heart joyfully danced into its delightful abode, quite forgetting that I had ever in my retirement decided it to be much better for me not to marry *Ferdinand.*

Thus, O *Una*, (as *Milton's Adam* ſays to the angel)

——have I brought
My ſtory to the ſum of earthly bliſs
Which I enjoy ——

And to your judgment I appeal, whether I have made a vain boaſt of keeping a due command over my paſſions; whether I have made the precepts learnt in my education the only rule of my life, and formed my practice from my principles; or whether I am guilty of the heavy charge of prejudice

and

and partiality which the *Cry* ſo repeatedly and vehemently brought againſt me.

Una declared that *Portia* had intirely juſtified herſelf from the appearance of prejudice and partiality, which ſhe muſt confeſs at one time lay againſt her; and added, that ſhe was perfectly ſatisfied with her conduct in every point. Then taking *Portia* by the hand, *Una* was going to diſmiſs the aſſembly, who were quite ſtupid and motionleſs with their diſappointment in ſeeing their enemy thus honourably acquitted. But *Portia*, with a ſoft compaſſion in her look, modeſtly ſaid, Suffer me, O *Una*, to enquire for a poor penitent who was juſt now ſtanding before us, and who I had ſome pleaſing hope would not have been carry'd off by that gloomy crew. Then darting her penetrating eyes through the croud in ſearch of *Cylinda*, ſhe at laſt perceived her ſitting retired in the remoteſt corner, fixing her looks ſtedfaſtly on the ground, ſeeming as if ſhe dared not lift them higher; her countenance was overſpread with a ſoft ſorrow, yet mixed with a confuſed ſhame.

Portia

Portia called to her, begged her to come forward, and, with *Una*'s permiſſion, to declare what ſhe thought of the concluſion of her ſtory.

Cylinda encouraged by this friendly call, came forward, and bending her eyes on *Portia*, thus anſwered.

Cylinda. O *Portia*, your ſtory is ſuch a contraſting picture to my own follies, and ſets them all ſo glaring to my view, that the hateful ſight fills me with horror, and makes me wiſh to hide myſelf for ever from all human eyes. My life hath been (without a metaphor) a tale told by an idiot, and my imagination a ſtrutting player, full of ſound and fury ſignifying nothing. I have from my youth been playing juglers tricks with my mind, inſtead of planting there any ſeed which could produce me pleaſure or real advantage. For whilſt in my own wild ravings I was erecting monarchies in my breaſt, and placed there kings and emperors agreeable to my unbridled fancy, I now too plainly ſee that I was inviting cruel ty-

rants

rants into my boſom; and whilſt I rejoiced in my unbounded liberty, I was under the moſt abject thraldom. My life may properly be called the triumph of the imagination, as yours, *Portia*, is of the judgment: the errors of my paſt principles and vain philoſophy being renounced, I might hope to tread a more ſecure and ready path to happineſs. But there is one part of my unhappy ſtory which I would wiſh to blot for ever from my memory; for how can I bear, O *Portia*, to reflect, that by ruining *Nicanor* I was the cauſe of all the ills you have undergone! Had not that unhappy man's paſſion for me ſo blinded his eyes as to make him impoveriſh the beſt of ſons, *Ferdinand* would have married you, without having been enſnared by ſtrange incidents and circumſtances into indulging that only fault of his nature, his refined bent of humour. You and your beloved *Ferdinand*, had I not engaged *Nicanor*'s heart, would have enjoyed the uncommon fate of indulging a reciprocal affection without paſſing over ſharp briers and thorns, by which too often the mind is diſabled from

taſting

taſting any happineſs even in its utmoſt wiſh. Thus whilſt I vainly cheriſhed that favourite principle, that I injured no one by my fantaſtic conduct but myſelf, I laid the foundation for a ſcene of miſery for the only human creature I ever wiſh'd to call by the name of friend. With ſhame and remorſe I own my error; and by fatal experience am convinced, that no creature placed in a ſocial community can injure himſelf alone. Should you, *Portia*, have generoſity and greatneſs of mind enough to forgive me this injury I have done you, yet can I never forgive myſelf.—Here interrupting *Cylinda*, *Portia* thus addreſſed her.

Portia. We ought not too nicely to ſcrutinize events, ſo as to blame ourſelves for the conſequence of actions which were not ill intended; and not to forgive ourſelves, *Cylinda*, when pardoned by another, ſhews ſome mixture of pride in our repentance.

O Portia,

O *Portia*, (cried *Cylinda*) your words forcibly bring to my remembrance theſe verſes in *Milton*;

So ſpake the cherub; and his grave rebuke,
Severe in youthful beauty, added grace
Invincible: abaſh'd the devil ſtood,
And felt how aweful goodneſs is, and ſaw
Virtue in her ſhape how lovely, ſaw, and pin'd
His loſs ——

Thus abaſh'd ſtands here before you the intended ſeducer of your youth, the veryeſt wretch!—Yet I have one ray of pleaſure beaming on my ſoul—*Euſtace* hath eſcaped my wiles, and lives, I doubt not, bleſſed, in bleſſing his wife and happy family.—You alſo, oh ever-admired *Portia*, have at laſt met the deſerved reward of your faithful love.—That I am left the only ſufferer moſt truly is my comfort.

Here another ſhower of ſoftened tears fell from the eyes of *Cylinda*, whilſt the *Cry* thinking they fell for the cauſe of bemoaning her own

own wretchedneſs, ſeized her in their graſp: whilſt ſome of them begged her to reſume her former entertaining vivacity; and others by all the force of ſcorn and contempt endeavoured to rally and frighten her out of ſuch a meanneſs of ſpirit (as they called it) as that of owning ſhe had led a life of error. But ſhe reſolutely diſentangled herſelf from their hold: and encouraged by *Portia*'s deſiring her to come nearer, telling her alſo that ſhe hoped there might be ſome happy days for her yet, thus proceeded.

Cylinda. Yet wretched as I now appear, and ſelf-condemned, I cannot quite loſe the pleaſing impreſſion which I received from *Amanda*'s letter of a future hope, and a dependence on a God of goodneſs. This is a proſpect ſo inviting, that I cannot quite cloſe my eyes upon its beauties. It appears to me but too evident, that all my former air-built caſtles were formed on a falſe and fleeting foundation; and altho' I ever retained candor, or the ſhadow of candor, enough to preſerve me from obſtinately adhering to one error on diſcovery of

of its being ſuch, yet even this ſmall ſhare of candor, which properly managed might have conduced to my happineſs I have hitherto contrived to turn into food to cheriſh my grandeſt error. For inſtead of gaining humility by perceiving how apt I was to wander into miſtakes, I only added another gratification to my pride, in daring to confeſs that I had been in the wrong. But now my humbled heart truly takes ſhame to itſelf. I would willingly turn my ſteps into the right road, but am ſo unacquainted with the paths of truth, that I know not where to find an entrance. I would fly to revelation as my refuge; I would embrace the animating hope enjoyed by *Amanda*; but conſcious ſhame tells me that hope is the lot of the innocent, and not of the guilty. This drives me back again into deſpair: I conſider myſelf like the firſt deceiver of mankind, and as having all my life been guilty of mental idolatry; abuſing my underſtanding, miſemploying the ſtrength of my imagination, only to gratify my own pride in endeavouring to think myſelf equal with God. This is the ſin

for

for which I fear ſhowers of contrite tears cannot atone. As to the life of vice which I was betrayed into by that tyrant ſelf-adoration, and to prove that I had a genius and ſpirit which ſoar'd above being reſtrained by common laws of decency, as it proceeded not from profligacy of diſpoſition, with more pleaſure could I quit it than ever I found in its empty enjoyment. Yet difficult will be the labour to ſet my mind to rights; to regain the loſt and true path to peace and tranquillity, unaſſiſted by any kind hand I muſt undertake the arduous taſk: for I dare not ſeek a friend, I can have no hope of any protector.

Portia. God forbid that true and humble repentance ſhould ever want aſſiſtance or protection! It is now two years ſince I was married to my *Ferdinand.* Poor *Nicanor* lived not to give us his bleſſing on our marriage. My *Cordelia,* (ever from our firſt acquaintance the ſiſter of my heart, but now dearly connected by alliance) makes one of our happy family. We have all one heart, one mind; therefore I am certain

certain of doing nothing that is disagreeable either to my husband or my *Cordelia* when I offer you an asylum in our sweet retreat.

Now the *Cry* with the utmost virulence fell on *Portia* for encouraging CREATURES, and being by her behaviour a scandal to all virtuous women, and as having committed the highest outrage to modesty and reputation.

Portia. I would willingly avoid harbouring such an insolent contempt of my fellow-creatures, as to be careless of their censures, or give them real cause to be offended at my behaviour. Yet I look on it as my duty to be as watchful on the other hand, lest I should be terrified by the dread of malicious tongues from exerting that compassion and forgiveness which is due to a sincere penitent. Such a paltry dread can terrify none but such, whose reputations are built on so tottering a foundation that the least breath of wind may easily blast and destroy them. The only honest dread is, lest a narrow selfishness should actuate us

to

to abandon the repentant to deſpair and miſery.

Notwithſtanding all *Portia* laſt ſaid, the *Cry* continued to abuſe her with the moſt envenom'd reproaches. Then flying into rapturous encomiums on juſtice, they called aloud for it on *Cylinda*, who deſerved they ſaid to be abandon'd by all mankind.

Cylinda pale and trembling, with her eyes fixed on the ground, and almoſt over-powered with *Portia*'s goodneſs to her, faintly gave utterance to the following words.

Cylinda. The bleſſings, *Portia*, you would confer on me are too generous, too great! For this puniſhment doth juſtice exact for ſuch a life as mine, that I muſt either aſſociate myſelf with proſtitute hirelings, or fly the trace of human ſteps for ever.

This humble confeſſion from *Cylinda* only moved the *Cry* to taunting inſults, and they with one conſent exclaim'd, Hear her, *Portia*, hear her, ſhe calls for juſtice.—— Then *juſtice*, *juſtice*, *juſtice* reſounded through the numerous rout.

Portia.

Portia. Moſt truly doth *Chaucer* ſay

That pité renneth ſone in gentil hert.

And in the character of *Theſeus* in his *Knight's tale*, theſe are his words;

And ſoft unto himſelf he ſaid fie, fie,
Upon a lord that woll have no mercy.

In thoſe two words *fie, fie*, a ſtronger image of *Theſeus*'s thoughts is at that inſtant conveyed to the reader, than a thouſand ſounding phraſes pick'd and cull'd by the moſt able orator are capable of conveying. *Chaucer* doth not repreſent *Theſeus* as labouring to prove the neceſſity of mercy, or in florid expreſſions painting its beauty, but he makes him throw the man of power, the lord who wants it, with ſcorn from his boſom; and in ſuch words as would have been proper towards a man guilty of the moſt ſhameful action. Oh that all mankind would join in condemning this want of mercy, and in a general cho-

rus

rus call out *fie, fie,* upon a human form that is deſtitute of ſo divine an attribute.

Una expreſſed the moſt hearty conjunction with *Portia,* and again repeated with her, her foregoing exclamation: adding alſo that it was the only road pointed out by which mankind could hope to arrive at happineſs hereafter.

Portia. This mercy muſt dwell in our hearts, it muſt regulate every common converſation; otherwiſe inſult on the one hand, and malice on the other, will render all intercourſe between the neareſt kindred or the greateſt profeſſors of friendſhip, but ſo many various ſcenes of heart-burning, ſtrife, and fierce emulation. Mercy muſt be felt, deſcription hath no force to reach it: for (as *Shakeſpear* ſays)

It droppeth as the gentle dew from heaven
Upon the place beneath: it is twice bleſt;
It bleſſeth him that gives, and him that takes.

Portia's quotation had juſt as much weight with the *Cry* as the ſame ſpeech coming

from her nameſake in the *Merchant of Venice* had on *Shylock* the *Jew*: for ſo inveterate was the rancor of their unmerciful hearts againſt her, that, had they been poſſeſſed of *Shylock*'s inhuman bond, like him they would not willingly have abated one ſcruple of its full forfeit and penalty. Yet had they at preſent no ſcope for venting their malice; but whilſt mercy was her theme, they had been ſcowling at *Portia* from under their lowring brows, and had given her a ſullen attention.

Tears of ſincere repentance and joy continued to fall from the eyes of *Cylinda*, and the face of *Una* had been overſpread with a benignant ſmile. But, fully to expreſs her approbation of *Portia*'s ſentiments, and thoroughly to quell the inſolence of the *Cry*, ſhe aroſe from her ſeat, waved her hand for profound ſilence, and thus herſelf purſued the theme of mercy.

Una. MERCY *deſcends like the dew from heaven on the juſt and on the unjuſt.* And when men love *juſtice* ſo well as to withhold

withhold their hands from *mercy*, they reverſe the acting up to the dictates of the [b] law and the prophets: they *love* juſtice; they labour to *do* mercy; and, inſtead of walking *humbly*, walk *proudly* with their God, by thus attempting to take vengeance out of his hand and executing it themſelves. What the royal pſalmiſt divinely inſpired ſays of his Creator, is, that he is exorable, merciful, ſlow to wrath, inclined to clemency and to aſſiſt his creatures. But the effects of this divine attribute of mercy in its fulleſt extent, are too great to be wielded by a feeble human arm: what is mercy therefore in the Moſt High, can only be exemplified by kindneſs and charity in man. Yet ſhall thoſe men, who (profeſſing themſelves followers of the God of mercy) after they have gratified their own pride by pretending to a nice examination of the merits of their fellow-creatures, preſume to call a ſmall relief, in a manner

[b] And what doth the Lord require of thee, but to *do* juſtly, and to *love* mercy, and to walk *humbly* with thy God? *Micah* chap. 6. ver. 8

ſqueezed out from the hardneſs of their hearts, by the ſacred name of charity or mercy! It is the nature of mercy to flow in large abundance like the vivifying gifts of our Creator, which are ſhowered down from heaven; and not to come in ſcanty drops, as if produced from a rock too hard to be melted by any human power. By human mercy in its full extent, I mean that chriſtian charity ſpoken of by St. *Paul*, without which he pronounces all other virtues to be as *ſounding braſs and tinkling cymbals.*

Una ceaſed; and *Portia* thus encouraged (unheeding of the *Cry*'s continued clamor for ſtrict juſtice) now led *Cylinda*, whoſe countenance expreſſed a modeſt compulſion, up to *Una.*

Una received *Cylinda* with a benignity peculiar to her manner, and ſmiled with pleaſure on her new-made convert; telling her alſo, that if her penitence was real, and her heart truly reclaim'd, that ſhe ſhould not want encouragement to perſevere in the road to virtue, and conſequently to laſting happineſs.

The

The *Cry*, who during *Cylinda*'s relation of her life had often held her in high admiration, and frequently had been on the very brink of receiving her as their beſt friend, from the moment they beheld her humbled look with tears of penitence, remorſe, and diffidence on her approach to *Una*, were outrageous in their abuſe of her. But as they could reproach and upbraid her with nothing for which ſhe did not with the moſt poignant ſorrow reproach herſelf, they could not find much gratification for their malicious clamor. They had no reſource therefore from the mortifying ſight of *Una*'s reception of *Cylinda*, but to deny the evidence of their own ſenſes, and boldly to ſwear that it was not in the nature of things for *Una* to ſuffer ſuch a wretch as *Cylinda* to come within her touch. But this matter was ſoon decided by the falling of a large curtain, which on one ſide left *Una*, *Portia*, and *Cylinda*, and on the other ſide the *Cry:* who were no ſooner without a common enemy on whom to vent their ſpleen, than they began to

wrangle, contend, and abuſe each other in ſuch a manner that it was impoſſible for them to remain in one collective body. They ſeparated therefore for the preſent, but continue ever reſtleſs in ſeeking for miſchief. They roam about upon the earth ſometimes ſingle (each cloſely embracing that favourite motto of their leader

" *Evil, be thou my good*")

and ſometimes in ſmall parties. They know each other's voice, nor ever fail reſolutely and unanimouſly to ſupport affectation and fallacy, and to oppoſe ſimplicity and truth.

Portia and *Cylinda*, after many friendly inſtructions given them, were kindly diſmiſſed by *Una*, who quitting her mortal form, aſcended all bright and glorious to her native bleſt abodes.

End of the Fifth Part.

EPI-

EPILOGUE.

AS we have divided our work into ſcenes, and introduced each part by a prologue, we think it neceſſary, in order to preſerve the uniformity of our piece, to conclude it by an epilogue.

The common idea annex'd to this word taken from our ſtage repreſentations, is (we are ſenſible) a certain number of verſes ſpoken very archly by ſome celebrated actor or actreſs, when the play is at an end; deſcribing with double entendre ſomething tranſacted behind the ſcenes, or elſewhere, which ought no more to be mentioned than exhibited before a modeſt and polite audience. But in this our epilogue we deſign

only to inform our reader what became of the principal characters introduced in our ſtory, during the remaining part of their lives.

Portia, in the deſcription of the married life ſhe wiſhed to live with her *Ferdinand*, hath very truly informed the reader in what manner ſhe behaved when her wiſhes were compleated, by her happy nuptials with the only man ſhe ever deſired to call by the name of huſband. She found not the leaſt difficulty in connecting the ideas of obedience and affection. Her life was a life of true pleaſure. The ſerenity of her mind caſt ſuch a luſtre over her countenance as joyed the heart of *Ferdinand*, and the moſt pleaſing mirth and innocent chearfulneſs was diffuſed throughout their agreeable family.

That dangerous love of refinement in *Ferdinand*'s temper, which had like to have loſt him his *Portia*, and to have deſtroyed all his worldly happineſs, was by ſuch a morti-

mortifying reflexion rooted from his heart. His confidence in his amiable companion was unalterably fixed; and his indulgence to the wife of his deliberate choice was unbounded: whilſt *Portia*, with the utmoſt gratitude and ſenſibility of heart could receive ſuch indulgence, and extract from thence the higheſt human felicity. The hearts of this truly happy couple harboured no clandeſtine purpoſes; they had nothing to conceal from each other; painful ſuſpicions and anxious doubts could not approach their peaceful boſoms.

Very different was the ſequel of the lives of *Oliver* and *Melantha*, who bound themſelves to each other by the irrevocable chains of marriage, from far other motives than thoſe which cemented the hearts of our *Ferdinand* and his *Portia*.

Oliver, who knew no joy but ſuch as ſucceſsful malice could inſpire, had been in the higheſt raptures on the ſuppoſition that his arts and ſtratagems had for ever ruined his brother's peace of mind, and had rendered

dered him wretched by the loſs of ſuch a wife as *Portia:* altho' in fact all the plots of *Oliver* againſt *Ferdinand* would have been totally ineffectual, if the *dram of baſe* (as *Shakeſpear* expreſſes it) within his own boſom, his over-refinement and too reſtleſs curioſity had not joined to aſſiſt his brother's miſchievous machinations againſt him. But when *Portia*'s ſteady conduct and faithful love had, notwithſtanding *Ferdinand*'s frailty, generouſly compleated his happineſs; the gnawing envy which preyed on the wretched heart of *Oliver* ſwelled his miſery to ſuch a height,

As bars all words and cuts deſcription ſhort.

Melantha on the marriage of *Ferdinand* with *Portia* was at firſt driven almoſt to diſtraction. She avoided the ſight of every human face, leſt the wretchedneſs of her own heart, and (what was torture to her thoughts,) the cauſe of that wretchedneſs, ſhould be diſcovered. She for ſome time therefore confined herſelf to the company in the world which her

in

invidious malice had rendered moſt truly diſagreeable to her, namely, her own: but ſhe raved, ſhe blubbered out the tears of paſſion, and gave ſuch a vociferous vent to her griefs that they began at laſt a little to ſubſide. She no longer affected to be *Portia*'s ſhadow, but reſuming her natural character, ſhe on every occaſion gave a looſe to the moſt violent paſſions, and aſſerted that ſuch a conduct was the higheſt proof of a ſuperiority of underſtanding, and an honeſt goodneſs of heart. And often alſo would ſhe declare, that ſhe would not for the world be ſuch a ſtupid unanimated creature as *Portia*.

It is a known obſervation, that there is nothing ſo agreeable to lovers when they are abſent from each other, as a companion who will continually ſound forth the praiſes of the beloved object: and thoſe perſons who, from the depth of fancy'd wiſdom, chuſe to harbour rancorous hatred in their boſoms, are perhaps equally pleaſed with companions who will continually entertain their

their ears with invectives and abuſe on the objects of their hatred. The abuſe of *Ferdinand* and *Portia* was to *Oliver* and *Melantha* their never-ceaſing theme; and the delight which they took in ſuch converſation, unfortunately led them into a ſmall miſtake, and made them once more imagine that they were reciprocally inſpired with a paſſion for each other, to which they gave the name of love. Such were the means by which *Melantha* and *Oliver* became huſband and wife! and how they lived need not be related to thoſe who thoroughly know their characters.

Cordelia never married, but lived with her brother *Ferdinand* and *Portia* to the end of her life. She honoured the married ſtate, and would not have refuſed a lover who had been agreeable to her inclinations, and whom her judgment could have approved: but, altho' ſhe had many propoſals, yet it happened to be her fate never to meet with a man with whom ſhe could have choſe to have entered into ſo ſolemn

and

and irrevocable an engagement as marriage. And ſhe always declared that ſhe was too happily ſituated to change ſuch amiable companions for any riches, rank, or honour, which are to be obtained by matrimony.

Cylinda, whoſe life had been one continued ſcene of error, not either from profligacy of diſpoſition or malice of heart, but from a ſelf-ſufficient philoſophic pride, and a lively imagination triumphing in the fancied raptures of her own independence, (the moſt dangerous rock a human mind can ſplit on) was no ſooner convinced of her own imbecillity and her former follies, than ſhe led the moſt exemplary life. Her heart was warmed with gratitude towards *Portia*, to whom ſhe made it her ſtudy to become the moſt agreeable companion. She was ſincerely penitent without the leaſt tincture of deſpondency, and innocently chearful without indulging any farther dangerous wild flights of fancy: and oftentimes did ſhe declare, that the latter part of her life was infinitely happier than the bloom of youth and elegance of beauty,

beauty, joined to the higheſt worldly proſperity, could formerly have rendered her. That learning which had before been one of the inſtruments of her deluſion, now became only an innocent and delightful amuſement. She ſet not too high a value on any thing in this world, yet was *Portia*'s true friendſhip to her a cordial to her ſoftened heart. She paſſed her time free from anxious cares, and in a manner ſlid to her tomb in peace.

Ferdinand and *Portia* tenderly lamented her death, ſaying in the words of their admired *Shakeſpear*,

Adieu, and take thy praiſe with thee to heav'n,
Thy ignominy ſleep with thee in the grave.

They ever kindly cheriſhed her memory, whilſt the unhappy part of her ſtory was quoted or applied by them as a check to the wildneſs of youthful imaginations, and her latter days as the moſt comfortable incitement to a ſincere repentance of heart.

Portia

Portia and *Ferdinand* to the end of their lives enjoyed a ſtate of uninterrupted peace and proſperity. They lived to ſee their childrens children, and poſſeſſed every bleſſing which this world can poſſibly beſtow.

End of the Third Volume.

ERATA.

PAge 7. l. 2. for *natural* r. *mortal.* p. 20. l. 3. dele *without* and place it line 4. before the word *leaving.* p. 34. l. 3. for *moral* r. *rural.* p. 45. l. 17. for *receiving* r. *retrieving.* p. 60. l. 15. for *my own perſon* r. *my perſon.* p. 82. l. 1. for *my* r. *any.* p. 87. l. 13. for *terror* r. *tremor.* p. 98. l. 6. for *thoſe* r. *theſe.* p. 105. l. 25. for *length* r. *lengths.* p. 187. l. 5. after the word *life* r. *convinces me that.* p. 201. l. 24. for *hoomae* r. *hooman.* p. 217. l. 1. for *Melantha rob* r. *Melantha ſhould rob.* p. 220. l. 12. for *returning* r. *retiring.* p. 224. l. 11. for *vanity* r. *variety.* p. 225. l. 3. for *reaſon could* r. reaſon *that* could. p. 232. l. 14. dele *ſo.*

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